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THE RAMBLE OF PHILO, AND HIS MAN STURDY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THE

THE RAMBLE OF PHILO.

CHAP. I.

CHARACTER OF PHILO—AN EXEMPLARY CLERGYMAN.

PHILO, the HERO of this RAMBLE, was the only ſon of a gentleman who lived in a ſequeſtered part of England. Upon the demiſe of his father, which happened at the time he had arrived to the age of twenty-four, he found himſelf in the poſſeſſion of five hundred pounds a year, with the reſpectable adjuncts of an old woman,

his houſekeeper, a boy, and *Thomas Sturdy*, a ſtout fellow about forty, who had been a very honeſt and uſeful drudge in the family from the days of his childhood.

Philo had received that moderate degree of education, which left his mind at the age to which he had advanced, entirely free from every prejudice with reſpect either to religion or politics, and he viewed the Deity, and his obligations to the ſupreme Being, in his works.—He ſaw, in the beauties that preſented themſelves conſtantly before his eyes, the traces of an omnipotent power, and he required no teacher to inform him of that which was ſelf-evident. He rejoiced with the ſun, moon, and ſtars, he leaped with the bounding roe, he ſauntered with the peaceful flocks and herds, and contemplated, with raptures ineffable, the waving woods, the nodding groves, the limpid fountains, the purling

purling ſtreams, the ſmiling meadows, and all the wanton decorations with which the ſpring unfolds herſelf to charm, to raviſh, and aſtound mankind. He required no preceptor, but the objects before him, to inſtil into his mind the relative duties, and the neceſſity there was for him to diſplay the virtues of a faithful member of ſociety. He ſaw, as in an unſullied mirror, the *rights* between man and man, and the palpable claims upon him, in his dealings with his neighbour, to adhere to that golden axiom, of *doing unto others as he would they ſhould do unto him.* The volume of nature lay open to him, and he ſought for no other guide. He had religiouſly executed the offices of a dutiful ſon to his parents, and, having been an only ſon, he was their deareſt object. He perceived, during their lives, he could not make an excurſion beyond the precincts of the hamlet where he was born, and the adjoining hills and dales,

without giving them infinite pain and anxiety. They were a couple of ſimpletons, who married at ſuch an advanced time of life that it was next to a miracle they ſhould be bleſſed with ſuch a ſon; they were, conſequently, fond of him to diſtraction; and, even, in his riper days, when the deſire of ſtepping forth into the great world preſſes ſtill more and more upon the fancy, they were become ſo old and unreaſonable, that they could not bear him out of their ſight. He was the prop of their age, the ſtaff upon which they leaned, and all the joy and comfort of their declining hours. He ſaw all this with many a commiſerating tear. He poſſeſſed that goodly frame of mind which gives up one's own conveniences and pleaſures to gratify the too-overweening claims of thoſe we love; and as the *old* are apt to view every attempt of the *young*, to think for themſelves, as a ſlight to the ſuperior judgment of

gray

gray hairs, he modeſtly kept himſelf within the bounds of his pariſh, and his attention to his parents, until their death, which happened nearly at the ſame time.

PHILO, at this moſt intereſting æra of his life, found himſelf in a very perplexed ſituation. Although he had a ſufficient patrimony to gratify his utmoſt wiſhes, yet, ſo cloſely had he been immured by the ſolicitudes of his late and beloved parents, that he was utterly a ſtranger to the ways of the world. He had ſeen nothing of them but what had occurred to him in the trifling circle of the hamlet in which he reſided, and that having been ſufficient, only, with the addition of his extreme good ſenſe and fine natural parts, to fix his mind firmly in the principles of a good man, he wiſhed to travel into a more enlarged ſociety of his fellow creatures for the

purpoſe of taking a ſurvey of their actions. He had a fine perſon, was healthy and ſtrong, and poſſeſſed that ſhare of natural complacency and addreſs, which is not to be equalled by the moſt finiſhed education upon a barren ſtock; yet he was diffident from the want of experience about the mode of his travels, and the manner in which he might be received wherever he went. —He ſpent his time, after having paid every reſpect to the memory of the deceaſed, in ſettling the affairs of his houſe, and in the contemplation of a Ramble through the adjacent counties, and at laſt came to the reſolution of making his firſt eſſay, with his man *Sturdy*, afoot, without any incumbrance in the world but a neat ſuit of clothes upon his back, and a change of linen ſlung in a wallet over the ſhoulder of his ſervant. This determination pleaſed him the more, as the ſurrounding hills

and

and dales, and the neighbouring mountains, together with the infinite variety of delightful receſſes to be found in his intended peregrination, would be more acceſſible in this mode of travelling than in any other; and he could loiter at his eaſe, or take poſt horſes, or a carriage, as it might ſuit his inclination or convenience. He was ſtill more pleaſed with the proſpect he had in view in this mode of rambling, from his natural propenſity to enjoy the uninterrupted contemplation of the works of God, and the admirable diſplay of the beauties of nature, which are to be met with in the moſt obſcure, and the remoteſt paths of the creation. He felt ſomething like a monitor within his breaſt, that was continually putting him in mind of the inexhauſtible fund of amuſement he would find in the fields, ſhould he meet with any thing to damp his ſpirits among mankind, and being quite a novice in the world he knew

not what might happen, and he had his doubts, fears, and perturbations, concerning the matter.

Philo had ſeldom converſed with any but his parents, except a *ſimple* clergyman of his pariſh, as innocent in his manners as himſelf, who was his principal companion, confident, and friend, and with whom he had ſtudied natural philoſophy, and read ſome of the beſt moral productions; and, upon the whole, he had filled up his time in his retirement, in a very agreeable manner. But his principal pleaſures and purſuits having been in the paſtoral way, he knew as little of mankind from books as from his own experience. He had minded more in his walks the birds and the flowers, than the concerns of his neighbours, and had rarely heard, during his life, of any quarrel among them. His friend, the *parſon*, had enjoyed a ſmall living under his benefac-

tor

tor the father of *Philo*, from the time of his firſt taking orders until now that he was fifty years of age. He had attended the ſon from his infancy as his inſtructer in the rudiments of letters, and was happy and contented with the kindneſſes he received from the family, in which he had been a conſtant table companion. When *Philo* grew up to be ſuch a promiſing young man, this family, conſiſting of the old people, the clergyman, and our *Hero*, compoſed a little ſequeſtered *Elyſium* of rural deities, where no vices were known, nor any troubles exhibited, except the bleſſed contentions of reciprocal good offices, and the happy exertions of diſintereſted friendſhip. But, alas! as all ſublunary ſituations muſt have an end, this knot of intimates was broken by the death of the old people; and *Philo*, from a deſire to ſee the world, was now upon the brink of leaving,

for a time, his friend, the *parſon*, to bewail his loſs with the genuine tears of ſenſibility and regret.

This PARSON was a GOOD MAN; he never entered into the VANITIES of THEOLOGICAL diſquiſitions, to CONFOUND his congregation; he preached the word of PEACE to his pariſhioners, ſerved GOD, and was QUIET.

From ſuch an inoffenſive and ſequeſtred community in which he had been brought up, *Philo*, even at the age of twenty-four (the time that moſt other young men have acquired all the knowledge of the world they ever will poſſeſs to advantage) was like a ſheet of fine paper, as white and printleſs as the new-fallen driven ſnow. His mind had received no turns or impreſſions towards any ſettled notions of men and their manners. He had

all

all the deſirable propenſities imaginable, which were bleſſings he derived from the very great ſimplicity and benevolence of his parents and the clergyman, but more eſpecially from the natural ſweetneſs of his own temper, and the benignity of his own heart.—If he had any glimmering of an opinion of the reſt of mankind, from the few he had ſeen, it was as yet founded upon a belief only, that every body elſe was as innocent as himſelf, and that he ſhould find in the larger circles of ſocieties, with which he was about to mix, the exquiſite delights of univerſal harmony, general munificence, and all the ſocial virtues. The tempters to vice, and the impoſtors under all denominations, together with the pride and envy of the human race, were circumſtances entirely out of his thoughts, having never entered therein; and as the time was now arrived that he was to launch forth into the world, his

former doubts and fears were ſubſided, and he was all on tiptoe to be gone.—He expected nothing leſs than the exquiſite delights of his being immediately plunged into the moſt charming ſcenes of bliſs and good fellowſhip—into the moſt joyful intercourſe of angelic beings—into raptures ineffable!—ſongs and ſeraphic triumphs, and all the gorgeous fooleries of the moſt ſplendid imagination, could not ſuperadd one idea to the enchanting proſpect he had in view of *unutterable felicity!*——O excellent *Philo!* O, excellent young man!—but you muſt be left, for a little time, with the flattering careſſes of hope and expectation, while your faithful man *Sturdy* is introduced, before he enters upon a ſcene of action, in which he will cut no inconſiderable figure.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

CHARACTER OF PHILO'S MAN STURDY.

THOMAS STURDY was a kind-hearted *fellow* that would not hurt a fly, but, at the ſame time, he was as reſolute as a lion in the defence of the weak or oppreſſed, and in the caſtigation of the cruel offender againſt the dictates of humanity.—Added to this turn of mind, he was maſter of a ſtrength of body, that enabled him upon every occaſion, where his proweſs was neceſſary, to ſecond the goodneſs of his diſpoſition, to ſtrike terror and diſmay to all oppoſition; but having not the ſmalleſt particle of a ſavage about him, he had never carried his "deep ſenſe of injury" to exceſs, and was immediately appeaſed, as the intended

tended miſchief of his oppoſer ſubſided, or the culprit was ſtruck, by his powerful arm of juſtice and benevolence, with ſeeming ſorrow and contrition.

He had been bred in the family of *Philo* from his youth, and partook of the mildneſs of the gentle government under which he ſerved; but having had a great deal to do in the out-buſineſs of the houſehold, he was daily led into thoſe little occurrences of impoſition and tricks among the villagers, with whom he chaffered for his employers, that had oftentimes irritated his honeſt paſſions in favour of his maſter, to the tune of a broken head, or a toſs into the kennel, to the offender. He was a merry fellow, and his reſentments always bore ſome tokens of drollery, or of jokes, but they were frequently thought ſerious ones by thoſe that felt them. He loved a cup of ale,

ale, when he had nothing elſe to do, and tippled, now and then, at the ſign of the *Lion and Lamb*, by the ſide of the pariſh church-yard, with the black-ſmith and the country bumpkins. He was looked upon, by the cuſtomers, to bear an exact reſemblance to the *ſign*, for he exhibited the gentleneſs of the *lamb*, or the fierceneſs of the *lion*, according to the different lights he was thrown into by the caſe in queſtion. He was always the umpire in diſputes at the alehouſe, and, generally, ſettled them to the ſatisfaction of all parties; at leaſt he was ſure to puniſh the aggreſſor with a *tear-drawing* ſqueeze by the hand, a *rap* over the knuckles, a *ſhove* into the horſe-pond, or a *trip-up* of the heels, to the great entertainment of the reſt of his companions.

From theſe circumſtances, and the buſy turn of this happy fellow, it may be doubted whether *Thomas* was not the

the moſt learned man in the family of *Philo*, reſpecting the little world he lived in. All the buyings and ſellings in ſmall matters were left to him, ſo that he was continually in thoſe diſputes that procured him a knowledge of the people he had to do with, which the family never dreamed of. All being quiet and ſmooth with them, and the neceſſary proviſions for their table, together with the accounts of the ſame, having been faithfully adminiſtered by *Sturdy*, with the aſſiſtance of the old woman their houſekeeper, they troubled not their heads with the matter. Their rents were *duly paid* by the tenants, becauſe the tenants were not *oppreſſed*; and the delightful even courſe of tranquillity, in which they whiled away the fleeting hours with their ſon and the parſon, prevented their taking any notice of *Sturdy*'s wranglings with the butcher, or the baker, or any other part of his brawls

brawls or merriment among the villagers; excepting, that upon all extraordinary occasions which happened to come to their knowledge, as well as upon the whole of his conduct, they found him to be, generally, in the right, with regard to his intentions, and, always, a faithful well-meaning servant, that would do any thing for his master.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

PREPARATIONS FOR PHILO'S RAMBLE.

BUT now that the time was arrived which cloſed the ſcene with the old people, and they were gone quietly to their graves, to a long ſleep, or to be called forth by the God that made them into future regions of unknown exiſtence, where no human hiſtory can trace them, we muſt leave their benign ſpirits, wiſhing everlaſting peace to them wherever they may be wandering, and attend to the ramble of their ſon, who is launching into almoſt as new a ſtate to him, of the affairs and buſtlings of this world, as the departed ſouls of his parents may have been plunged into, in another.

Philo had had frequent conſultations with his friend the *parſon* about the management of his family during his abſence, the reſult of which was, that the houſekeeper and the boy were deemed ſufficient guardians of the premiſes, and more eſpecially as the clergyman undertook the ſuperintendence of his other affairs. He was to ſee to the paying and receiving of all money matters, as a ſteward to the young man; and it was happy for him he had fallen into ſuch good hands; for though the *parſon* had not ſeen, of late years, much more of mankind than his patron, yet his good ſenſe, honeſty, and uprightneſs of character, was a bulwark to the uncomplicated eſtate and concerns of *Philo*, againſt all the impoſtors and cheats in the world.

The *parſon* was exceeding glad to find that the coming at once to the ſole poſſeſſion of a clear eſtate, with money and

and ſavings beſides, made no vain impreſſions upon the mind of ſo young a man. He was happy that, inſtead of purchaſing fine horſes, and an attempt to cut an amazing figure, in his firſt approaches in life, our *hero* had nothing more in view, at this trying time, than a *ramble* with *Sturdy*, and that in the humble ſimplicity of a walk through the neighbouring country.

Sturdy was a fellow whom the *parſon* loved for his fidelity, and who, he was convinced, would ſtand by his maſter upon all occaſions of difficulty, ſhould there be any need for his exertions.

On the evening preceding the day that the excellent *Philo* was to leave the peaceful hamlet where he had ſo conſtantly reſided; where he had been daily ſeen in ſuch a lane, in ſuch a grove, or in ſuch a field or meadow, and was known by, and knew, every ſhepherd

in

in the pariſh, the *parſon* ſhed many a ſilent tear of ſorrow, while he ſqueezed the hand of his parting friend, which would, at any other time, have been noticed by *Philo*, but he was now too full of hope and expectation to regard any thing but the morrow, and his wiſhes for fine weather, and unutterable delights. The old woman, the houſekeeper, did nothing but ſigh, and moan, in an old cane chair, for the impending loſs of her dear *Philo*, and, like a good motherly matron, ſhe poured tears and bleſſings for him upon her apron as plenteouſly as the gracious drops of an April ſhower, which brings fertility and happineſs to the jocund plains.

——She was a good old woman, which is a very good thing to have in a family, and the beſt hand at a *flood of tears* of any old woman in the pariſh.

The

The poor boy could not help thinking, now that his young maſter was going to leave the houſe, all the world was at an end with him, and he whimpered and ſnubbed in the kitchen till he was as melancholy, poor lad, as a weeping log of green wood upon a drowſy fire. As to *Sturdy*, he did nothing during the evening but buſtle about for the neceſſary accommodations of his maſter. He got his wallet ſtuffed with every thing he wanted for that purpoſe—mended the ſtraps of it, and made a ſnug partition in it for his own affairs.—He laughed at the old woman, when ſhe came out of the parlour with her eyes as red as a ferret's, and lugged the lad by the ears for a ſnivelling ſon of a w——. He was all on fire, and ready to burn a barn, or to ſacrifice his life to ſave one from the flames. He was up to any thing in the world but a deliberate intention of harm. He kiſſed the *cook* twenty times over, who was a neceſſary

neceſſary perſonage whom we had forgot to mention before, and one that did not mind of a gooſe's feather, any thing beſides her ſpits and gridirons.—He ſlapped her upon the ſhoulders, and hugged her in his arms, and whiſtled and ſung himſelf out of breath, "to drive away ſorrow and care."

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

PHILO's DEPARTURE.

HAVE you ſeen a fine freſh young man, much like, in appearance, to a gentlemanly farmer's ſon, with auburne locks curling round his neck, with ruddy health blooming upon his cheeks, with an open, ſprightly, and ingenuous countenance, ſuch that, without a bluſh, would raiſe in the innocent boſom of the pure and ſimple virgin the hymeneal ſenſations? then behold our *hero* iſſuing from his houſe, and ruſhing haſtily through the village, upon a May morning that was as blitheſome and gay as himſelf—look upon the back-ground, and obſerve the *parſon*, like the picture of deſpondence, ſtanding near the court-gate, and, with the laſt look

look of deep regret after his departing friend, ſending forth to his Maker, the moſt ardent prayers for the good of his patron, that the goodneſs of the beſt of hearts could ſend—ſee the old woman, the houſekeeper, crying in the porch, with the boy ſobbing by her ſide—obſerve the *cook*, running and laughing after *Sturdy*; who, with his wallet upon his back, and dreſſed in a clever brown fuſtian ſuit, is following his maſter—note the cluſter of *Thomas*'s acquaintance upon a green plat, with their hats off, greeting the gentle *Philo* as he paſſes, while he, with a modeſt farewell ſmile, takes with him all their hearts—ſee the country hobbies encircle the merry *Thomas* as he advances, and clapping him upon the back, and ſhaking him by the hands, while they preſs him to take good care of his maſter, and keep himſelf out of ſcrapes—look to the village wenches, ſcampering from their habitations, and, with the corner

of their aprons to their faces, chuckling, and ſimpering, and ſleering, they know not why, at the novelty of the ſcene before them—ſee the ancient ruſtics, at their doors, crying "Lord ha' mercy on us, and God ſave the young gentleman, and bring him ſafe home again"—then you will have a full diſplay before your imagination of *Philo*'s departure, and the mode in which he and his man *Sturdy* vaniſhed from their native hamlet, and much lamenting friends, into the adventrous ſearch of pleaſures among the diſtant, more poliſhed, and more numerous inhabitants of the earth.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

PHILO's EMBARRASSMENTS IN HIS PROGRESS.

PHILO had walked a conſiderable way before his man *Sturdy*, whom he had left laughing and prating with the villagers, and was ruminating over the firſt thoughts and ſuggeſtions that occurred to him, in conſequence of his having juſt emerged from his peaceful home and its concerns, and his perceiving himſelf to be inſtantaneouſly removed into an entire new ſcene and its proſpects, when he was rouſed from his revery, by the uncertainty of the path he was to purſue, and his want of *Sturdy*'s aſſiſtance upon the occaſion;

for he had now got as far upon the way as he had been acquainted with.

Thomas having ſtaid in the hamlet until he began to be alarmed at his neglect, flew after his maſter upon the wings of duty and reſpect, and joined our *hero* juſt in time to ſave his credit, and to conduct him along the road.

They had not proceeded many miles before an entire new country preſented itſelf to the eyes of our *hero*, and engaged all his affections. Lofty mountains, whoſe ample ſides were fringed with woods, burſting forth into foliage, ſtruck him with ſtill greater veneration for the *deity*, and he was all aſtoniſhment at the wonderful diſplay of his *omnipotence*; while the birds, the choriſters of the vale, in wild and rapturous melody, joined him in the extremity of his ſenſibility, and uttered notes to the praiſe of the great diſpoſer of all things,

that no human tongue can expreſs, and *Philo* was, for ſome time, totally loſt in the inexplicable delights of ſpeechleſs adoration.

The awful appearance of the mountains, and the beautiful variety of the winding dales that clung round their feet, and ſeemed, in ſubmiſſive guiſe, to preſent to their "HIGH MIGHTINESSES" the ſweet blandiſhments of the flowery meads, and the delightful wanderings of the gliding ſtreams, exhibited ſuch an impetuous diverſity of heavenly objects to the warm imagination of *Philo*, that he was ready to run mad with the pleaſures of his ramble, and the thoughts of future joys and unceaſing raptures; when his man *Sturdy*, after many unavailing attempts to draw to himſelf his maſter's attention, declared, with uncommon vehemence, that they had entirely miſtaken their way,

by miſſing a turn in the road which he had let ſlip his memory—that he was now totally out of his knowledge—and that it was neceſſary, immediately, and without loſs of time, to endeavour to rectify the miſchance, or they might both *rue* the day they had ever ſet out from home!

Philo, in his conſultations with the *parſon*, had fixed upon his route with reſpect to the towns and public haunts of men, that lay at the diſtance of thirty, fifty, and eighty miles from home, but he had left the management of the road to the firſt public inn on his way, in which he could have any tolerable accommodations, to the ſagacity of *Thomas*, well knowing, from the *parſon's* intelligence and inſtructions, that when he got there he ſhould be in a more direct and frequented line to the completion of his wiſhes.

This

This inn was not more than twenty miles, country reckoning, from *Philo*'s hamlet, but the road to it being through a mountainous and woody tract of land, was a difficult way to find by accidental travellers, and was not uſed in general except by an *extra* poſt-boy and the principal farmers. *Sturdy* had, once or twice, during the courſe of his ſervice in the family, been diſpatched upon his old friend *Dobbin*, the *gray horſe*, to the aforeſaid inn, to make enquiries after wines and other commodities for his maſter, that were delayed by the negligence of the people of the houſe to which they were ſent, or the carrier, who conveyed in a cart occaſionally, and when he had a ſufficient load, which was not often the caſe, all the hampers, caſks, and flaſks, &c. that were directed to *Philo*'s family, or any other of the inhabitants of their remote part of the iſland.

The ſudden attack of *Sturdy* upon *Philo* about the road, when the latter was rapt up in the moſt divine meditations—when the operations of his fancy held forth to him the moſt exquiſite and unbounded tranſports in the proſecution of his ramble, was a violent ſtroke upon his nerves; it was a blow the more ſevere to him, becauſe *Sturdy* uſed to laugh at, and make ſport with, every occurrence in his department; but now that he ſhould accoſt his maſter with ſuch a grave countenance, and ſo frequently urged, before *Philo* could diveſt himſelf of the pleaſanteſt thoughts that had ever entered his head, and conclude theſe ſhocking grimaces with a poſitive aſſertion that they were ſo loſt and bewildered, that if they did not inſtantaneouſly employ their beſt wits to get into the right track again, they would *rue* the day they had ever ſet out from home, was a monſtrous check upon his ardour and ſpirits.—He began to perceive

ceive that all was not to go on ſo ſmoothly as he had expected, that entering into a new ſcene of life was not ſuch a fine thing as he had thought it would be, and that it was not to be done without meeting with ſome rubs and interruptions.—He found himſelf in a ſituation that daſhed at once his happy contemplations—he was obliged to liſten entirely to *Sturdy*'s admonitions, and he was forced to ſet himſelf hard and faſt to work, with his man, for the firſt time in his life, to get out of the firſt difficulties, trifling as they were, into which he had ever been plunged.

There were two cauſes that made *Sturdy* ſo violent in his attack upon his maſter. The firſt and principal one was, that as he had taken upon himſelf the taſk of conducting our *hero* ſafe to the inn, he was exceedingly agitated that he had miſſed the ſhort turning in the road; and the other proceeded from

his maſter's hurrying on before him, with his nonſenſical addreſſes to the mountains and vallies, ſtill farther out of the way, and in the moſt entangled and unfrequented paths imaginable, before he could get him to liſten to a word he had to ſay upon the matter; ſo that the poor fellow's vehemence was a natural conſequence of his ſituation.

In the preſent embarraſſed ſtate of their affairs *Thomas* and his *maſter* went up and down the various and endleſs tracks among the brambles, goſs-buſhes, tall trees, and ſhort wood, in ſearch of any living creature from whom they might be furniſhed with ſome kind of intelligence how they were to get on in the world, without being obliged to execute the diſgraceful taſk of tracing their ſteps back again.—After a good deal of anxiety and trouble, they found a wood-cutter, who ſaid he did no' travel much—he had heard there was

ſuch a road as they inquired for ſome miles off—but, for his part, he did no' know that there was any way to it, that he could juſt now think on—how-ſomee'r, if they would go down into yonder valley, then through that copp-pice, up the next hill, leaving thoſe great mountains on the right ſide, they would preſently come to his neighbour *Goody Gadfly*'s, who, he hoped, knowed more of the matter than himſelf, for, ſaid he, "her has gotten the *devil* of a *tongue*."

With this information they were fain to be content, and they were the rather ſo, as theſe greateſt of all the mountains* about them, and which drew Philo ſo haſtily out of his way, *Thomas* recollected lay much to the right of the road he had loſt.—They were fortunate enough not to encounter many difficul-

* If "mountains" be too large a term for ſome of the higheſt hills in England, the reader will correct it in his own idea of them.

ties in tracing out *Goody Gadfly*'s.—They found her by the ſide of her cottage throwing ſome draff, and talking very faſt to a *porket*, while the animal acted its part exceedingly well in uniſon with her, and ſqualed and grunted impatiently.

"Lord ha' marcy!" exclaimed this pert old woman, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw her viſiters, "where done you come from, and how did ye find ſuch a loanly place as this?" "why dame," replied *Thomas*, "we came from ——, and are going to ——, but we have, ſomehow, got out of the road, and wiſh to be put into it again."—"Why now, odds dickins," rejoined *Goody Gadfly*, "I thought as much—for nobody comes here but what are loſt folks.—Gods bethank it, I ha' got a little pig here, as you may ſee, if you'll look at him, and I ha' got a *pleck* o' peas and beans coming up, and if this fine weather

ther continues, there is no doubt in the verſal world but I ſhall make a ſhift to ſcromble on—for you mun know that it is hard work for poor folks to live, when they mun depend upon themſelves as I do; for I'll aſſure you, there's nobody lives hereabouts but my neighbour *Thomas Thump*, the wood-cutter, a ſimple fellow, in troth, he is, and labours, withal, mighty hard, and that for a plaguy little; for you mun know, all this part of the country belongs to 'Squire *Lackrent*, and he has no' much to ſhow for it, neither, but a parcel of great bromble woods, that bring him in little or nothing, and a deal o' meadow lond that's o'ergrown with nothing but cowſlips, crocuſes, lady-ſmocks, rough bents, and vermin—ſo that the poor cattle are ſtarved with wet and domps all the winter, and not much better off in the ſummer, for, poor creatures, they are ſo often flooded from the mountains—but, poor things,

if

if you wan to ſee them ith' heat o' ſummer, when the flies plague 'em ſo nationly, how they cock their tails ſo comically, and friſk it o'er the lond, it would do your hearts good, and make you loffe till your ſides ached again, that it would.—He! he! he!" chuckled the old woman, "I have been ready to —— he! he! he!—mony a time at their gallops and vigaries—he! he! he!"

"Whew," ſcreamed *Thomas*, in chorus with her, "the devil's in the woman," ſaid he, "what's all this to do with our inquiries?"—*Philo* turned away his face, and bluſhed, while *Goody Gadfly* proceeded.

"Now, I ſuppoſe you think, from your frowning upon a body, poor fol[illegible] mu'n't be merry."

Philo turned inſtantly about, and diſcovered a countenance of entire ſatiſfaction

faction with the old woman's chearful remark, while *Thomas* unbent his brow a little, and felt ſomething of his original and unruffled pleaſantry creep round his heart.

"Why look you here," continued *Goody Gadfly*, "thof I ſee but little company, now-a-days, I am never molicholy, not I—I fuſsle about, and chatter to my *pig*, or my *cock*;—but, 'las the day! I ha' loſt poor *Turpin*—the faithfuleſt dog!—O dear heart! I ſhall never forget the day he died—as how he panted and ſtruggled to look me i'th' face, as much as to ſay, I ne'er ſhall ſee you, *Goody Gadfly*, no more! —Well, my heart has ſuffered mony a pang after him—you mu'no' be angry with me for ſheding ſome tears, for I conno' help it.—But, as I was ſaying—Lord bleſs me! I wiſh I wa'n't ſo fooliſh—that as how—when poor *Turpin* dont come into my head, I con talk to the

pretty ſinging birds, or any thing elſe—and to ſee as how they ſit upon a buſh, and whiſtle all the day long—why, now, how merry this is!—what con a body want more?—and then the ſweet *robin* that comes hopping about one, and cocks up its eye, and looks ſo cunning, the little rogue,—O! it does my heart good to throw it ſome crumbs when it is winter, and ſnows ſo ſadly—and when the dear thing ruffles up its feathers, and comes in at the door, and pops about the ſtools and benches, and looks and peeps at one ſo fearfully—who could be ſo hard-hearted as to fright it away, and not to give it ſomething to do it good and keep it from ſtarving?—Well, Lord bleſs me!—my poor huſband—he died mony years ago—God reſt his ſoul—how mad he uſed to be when our ſon, *wicked Dick*, would throw ſtones at the birds, and frighten the poor *robin* out of its ſenſes—but he ran away from us when he growed up

to be a great lad, and went for a ſoldier, and was killed,—and my daughter Bet lives at 'Squire *Lockren*'s, and that is all the comfort I have now left me, beſides my *garden*, my *pig*, and my *cock*——O Lord ha marcy!—ſee how he comes there, chuckling and glavering his *hen*—O! they bin the ſweeteſt companions in the world, and better by half than all your proud folks put together!—Thof they bin both little ones, they bring me a mortal deal of eggs to ſerve me, with a little bacon, to live on all the year round. I never want any thing more, beſides garden-ſtuff, and don't ſee a bit o' what they callen butcher's meat from one year's end to t'other—no, nor I don't want it neither, that I don't.—*Thomas Thump*, my neighbour, *ſticks my pig* when its fat and in well liking, and I give the poor mon ſome of the offals for his labour; for he is willing to labour about my matters, as well as he con—but he is

but

but a ſlow hand, I aſſure you, and I am forced to drive him about a plaguy deal, or I ſhould no' make much on him."

Philo was beginning to think that *Goody Gadfly*'s larum would never ceaſe, when her attention was diverted from her unremitting rattle to a furious engagement which was commencing between her *bantling cock* and *Sturdy*.

Thomas having perceived the ſtately ſtrutting of the little chanticleer to be a ſort of defiance to him, had ſo far imitated it in the clapping of its wings and crowing, that he had fairly irritated, at laſt, the little fierce and angry fool to a ſerious attack upon his hat, which he held, in a threatening poſture, towards it, for an object of its wrath and contention.—The conteſt ſoon began to be ſo warm between *Thomas* and the *cock*, and the latter repeated its ſtrokes againſt

againſt the hat with ſuch invincible rage, that *Sturdy* thought fit to retire and parry at a diſtance, while his hot antagoniſt advanced upon him, and pecked the ground in defiance, and, with the feathers of its neck ruffled up in a ring like the ruffs in the days of the good queen *Eliza*, it was ſo furious and determined, that it muſt have driven the ſtout *Sturdy* entirely off the field, had he not, with a quick and invidious motion, clapped his hat over the whole body of the *cock*, and preſſed it to the earth, in durance the moſt pitiable that could be conceived for ſuch an heroic bird.

Thomas, not content with his victory, which was not a fair one, drew the little priſoner from under his hat, and, placing its head cloſe under one of its wings, and with both his hands preſſing them both to its ſides, he whirled it about with ſuch velocity, that when he had

had done, and had laid it upon the earth before him, it continued there as a dead thing, and, ſeemingly, without its head, until the humane *Philo* relieved it from its trance, and it ran away, terrified out of its natural courage, and joined its mate, the frizled hen, in loud and clamorous notes of diſtreſs.

During the whole of the combat *Goody Gadfly* laughed till ſhe ſeemed ready to ſplit into a hundred pieces, and declared, when ſhe had breath enough to do it, ſhe had never ſeen better ſport in all her born days—and when the *cock* was gone, and all was over, ſhe ſaid it ſhould attack *Sturdy* again in five minutes, and fight him as bravely as it had done before—but *Philo* now becoming impatient to proceed on his ramble, prevailed upon *Goody Gadfly* to deſiſt—and, after peeping into the inſide of her cot, where he perceived all was neat and cleanly in the

the extreme—her pewter diſhes and plates ſcoured as bright as ſilver, and her coarſe ſtools and tables rubbed as ſmooth as mahogany, he preſſed her to give him, immediately, ſome information about the way to the inn, if ſhe was really able, and to accept of him ſome ſilver, which he offered her, to keep up that wonderful flow of ſpirits during the remainder of the day, which ſhe had hitherto employed ſo much to his ſatisfaction.

Goody Gadfly, after having diſcharged a whole volley of compliments, in her way, at our *hero* for his generoſity, declared ſhe knew nothing now of the road to the inn he inquired for; ſhe had formerly been acquainted with all the country hereabouts, but for many years paſt ſhe had never gone farther than to 'Squire *Lackrent*'s to ſee her daughter *Bet*, and he lived up among the woods quite out of the way to any where

where elſe.—She hoped to the Lord he might find his way ſomehow—for, ſaid ſhe, "it muſt be a terrible blind road, I aſſure you, in ſuch a tangled part o'th' world as this is."

Philo now finding that he was utterly loſt in a ſtrange country, where no intelligence could be obtained how he was to get out of it, made a virtue of neceſſity, and applied to his own feelings upon the occaſion the chearfulneſs of the old woman, who whether it was rough or ſmooth with her, ſhe ſeemed to be ſupplied with ſuch a fund of good-humour and ſpirits, that no diſaſters nor diſappointments could diſturb.—He made his comments upon her and his own ſituation very much like a real philoſopher, and he found peace and comfort to take their places in his breaſt, and all the troubleſome gueſts that had lodged in it before, in conſequence of his embarraſſment, to vaniſh

like

like a pack of knaves and impoſtors as they were.—He began to be exceedingly pleaſed with the character of *Goody Gadfly*, and ſmiled at her ſeeming to ſet her heart upon ſome new ſcheme that would excite either merriment or tears. He perceived her paſſions to be always upon a gallop—that ſhe could laugh and cry in a breath—and that it was a hard matter to decide which of thoſe two extremes afforded her the moſt happy and delightful moments of her life.—He at laſt, however, found it neceſſary to force himſelf away from her, and *Sturdy* obeyed the ſummons of his maſter with his wonted diligence, while *Goody Gadfly* ſent forth her powerful ſtream of bleſſings after them, and *laughed* and *wept* them out of ſight.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

PHILO'S FARTHER DIFFICULTIES.

PHILO no ſooner got clear of the old woman, than he began to queſtion his man concerning his recollection of the great mountains that lounged in huge heaps upon the right of them, and in what manner he had obſerved their ſtation to be in when he had rode from his own hamlet to the inn.

Sturdy, with all the preciſion he was maſter of, deſcribed them to have appeared much more to the right of the road he had travelled before than they did now, and he readily agreed with our

our *hero*, that, in conſequence of this obſervation, they muſt incline more to the left of them, and take their chance for the event, as they had nothing elſe to ſteer by.

They proceeded for a tedious length of time in a courſe of the moſt perplexing uncertainties—one while thinking themſelves perfectly right, and the next minute quite as confident they were utterly wrong, and that they had made no progreſs at all towards the inn.—Woods, dingles, croſs-paths, hills, and dales, continually offering themſelves for their choice, they did not know what to do with ſuch a numberleſs variety of difficulties, which frequently interrupted their view of the great mountains, their original guide, but were obliged to puzzle on at hap-hazard until, after much fatigue, turning and twiſting, great loſs of time and ground, the wavering vixen, *Fortune*,

dropped upon them of a ſudden, and when they were at their utmoſt need, in the likeneſs of a BUTTERWOMAN.

This their deliverer from perplexity and confuſion, was coming down a narrow lane within thirty yards of the very road they had loſt, and was driving an *aſs* before her, with panniers upon its back ſtuffed with butter, eggs, and other ſmall wares, that ſhe was conveying to a market, for the morrow, ten miles, ſhe ſaid, beyond the Inn they were going to. They would, in all probability, have croſſed the road they wanted to find, from *Sturdy*'s imperfect knowledge of it, and from their falling in with it at the time both him and his maſter were impreſſed with a ſtrong conviction they were by no means near it, had it not been for the *butterwoman*. So much, indeed, had *Sturdy*'s mind been all along diſtreſſed at his loſing the road at all, that at firſt he could

hardly believe their information;—however, after going into it, and looking about him, and recollecting himself a little, he discovered sufficient tokens to satisfy him and his master that their intelligence was good. They were, therefore, exceedingly pleased with the *butterwoman*, and as they had not eaten or drank during the course of so long and tiresome a walk, the *butterwoman* and her *ass* were invited to a repast with them under a hedge, which *Thomas* produced out of his wallet for his master, himself, and the *butterwoman*, and providence did the same for the *ass*, in a plentiful bank of thistles by their side; while a nice spring of clear water dropped down a little precipice, ready to dilute, in a tin can, some chearful and reviving spirits which *Thomas* poured out of a small bottle in just proportions, to warm the hearts of this most happy and congenial party.

It may, probably, be neceſſary here to mention, as an apology for the very particular account we have given of our *hero*'s difficulties, in tracing his way towards the public ſcenes of life, which conſtituted the motive for his rambling from his native hamlet, that theſe troubles and embarraſſments, as above deſcribed, together with the public haunts of men lying ſo far from his retirement, and the way to them being through ſuch an untrodden maze, afford another ſtriking reaſon why a young gentleman of his fortune, but ſo confined as he had been all his days by the dotage of his parents, had not been able to take an opportunity before the preſent æra of ſeeing mankind, and that, of courſe, he muſt now be, altogether, looked upon, ſitting as he is under a hedge, with his man *Sturdy* and the *butterwoman*, as an utter ſtranger to, and quite a novice in, the WAYS OF THE WORLD.

The

The prying peruſer of this pleaſant ſtory having taken the above occaſional cruſt, to cure him of any gnawings or ſickneſſes upon his ſtomach, with which he might be plagued after ſo long a walk, and our *hero*'s and *heroines* (for the *aſs* was of the feminine gender) having finiſhed their ſlight repaſt under the hedge for the very ſame purpoſe, it is meet that we return to them immediately, or *Sturdy* will never have done with his over-civilities to his maſter, to make him amends for the miſtake he had committed about the plaguy road.

This honeſt fellow had been ſo exceſſively abaſhed and confounded at his miſſing the way, and thereby loſing, perhaps, the future confidence of his maſter, that he loſt all his uſual flow of good humour while he was with *Goody Gadfly*, and had not a word to ſay to her but what was rather peeviſh

than kind—and his fighting her *cock* was more the effect of ill-temper than pleaſantry; but the application of a little cold neat's tongue to his ſtomach, and the operation of a ſmall can full of reanimating fire upon his ſpirits, together with the countenance of his maſter, which he narrowly watched, becoming, through the ſame means, quite chearful and ſerene, he ſoon was wound up to his original tone of vivacity, was all aſſiduity and eagerneſs to pleaſe, but exceedingly glad, at the ſame time, that the *butterwoman* had taken the direction of the road to the inn entirely out of his hands, for the future, in which he had been, for the paſt, ſo very unfortunate.

Every thing being adjuſted reſpecting the *butterwoman*'s affairs, and *Sturdy*'s wallet, after their entertainment under the hedge, the party proceeded in rural ſimplicity along the lanes, until they

arrived

arrived at a ſudden inclination of the road to the left, when it ſo happened, that the girths which were intended to ſecure the panniers upon the *aſs*'s back, broke and cauſed a delay.

Philo, whoſe mind was now engaged in reflections upon a more cultivated and inhabited country than that which he had paſt, eagerly deſired the woman to direct him to a ſmall church he ſaw at the diſtance of about a mile and a half before him, if they were to go by it, and ordered his man to ſtay and aſſiſt her in repairing her damages.

There was a fine range of meadow-land that ran in an eaſy ſerpentine courſe to the church, and the *butter-woman* pointed out to our *hero* a foot-path through the ſame, which he could not miſs, and which, ſhe ſaid, was nearer than the horſe road, and that ſhe

ſhould join him at the church, for it was cloſe to their road to the inn.

Philo, thus ſatisfied, walked gently over the enamelled ground. He was delighted with the gay aſſemblage of every ſpecies of wild ſpring flowers that decorated the plain; he was glad to ſee ſome dawnings of the accompliſhment of his deſign, in many ſpacious fields of tillage, and ſome reſpectable farm-houſes which he beheld at a diſtance; he, vauntingly, ſaid to himſelf, all my embarraſſments are at an end—I ſhall ſoon be uſhered into the company of innumerable mortals, like myſelf, poſſeſſed of innocence, and the moſt refined ſenſibility, and I ſhall experience, in a general ſociety of thouſands, the heavenly intercourſe of friendſhip, harmony, and all the tender feelings of humanity, which has hitherto been confined only to my friend the

parſon,

parſon, and my late and beloved parents. He was thus proceeding with his ſublime notions of his fellow creatures, when he was ſuddenly ſtopped in his enchanting career by an ANGLER, whom he found *torturing* a poor worm upon a hook, with all the compoſure of a cook *flaying* live eels.

The rivulet, upon the bank of which the *angler* was ſtanding, ſeemed to run rapidly by him, and to hide its head among the ſedges and overhanging projections below him, as though it were ſenſible, and aſhamed of his barbarity.

The gentle and humane heart of our *hero* was exceedingly hurt at the writhings, twiſtings, and apparent agonies of the defenceleſs worm, and he could not help addreſſing its wanton and heedleſs murderer, in a manner the moſt expreſſive of his concern and ſorrow for the fate of the poor reptile;

but ſuch are the ſavage proceedings that are countenanced and confirmed by the general habits among the ſons of men, that the *angler* looked upon *Philo*, during his ſpeech, to be the moſt ſilly fellow he had ever ſeen in his life.—He continued fixing faſt upon his hook the little ſtruggling creature, while the following obſervations upon this *vacant butcher* were made to him.

"How can you help," exclaimed *Philo*, "feeling in your own boſom the pangs of remorſe, while the preſſure of your fingers upon that worm muſt intimate to your nerves, that it is as ſenſible of the pain you give it with your hook, as you yourſelf would experience upon the rack?—I grant you that the great God that made us, and ſent us into this world, ſeems, from the redundancy of the animals of all ſorts with which he has overſtocked the earth, to intimate to the lord of this creation,

creation, MAN, that he might deſtroy them at his deſcretion, but, at the ſame time, it manifeſtly appears from the delicate conſtruction of all bodies that contain life and animation, that death is a throe that ought to excite compaſſion among the living, and that its fatal ſtroke ſhould never be given to the moſt inſignificant animal, but with the tender efforts of quickneſs and diſpatch; then how can you, you moſt ruthleſs man as you are, merely through wantonneſs, plague that poor worm as you do?—If you want fiſh for your table, get a net and catch them without violence, and their death will be the ſame by your hands, as by the hands of him that deſtined them to die,—or, if your intention, in pulling out of the water the pretty creatures, be paſtime, fix to the end of your line an imitation of a fly—a thing I have obſerved made of the feather of a fowl, and by this nice deceit the ſimple freckled fools

will ſnap at your bait upon the ſurface of the brook, and be taken without any unneceſſary ſymptoms of barbarity in their deſtroyer."

At the cloſe of this tender expoſtulation, our *hero* found, to his utter aſtoniſhment and mortification, that the *angler* having placed to his mind the poor worm upon his hook, and which diſcovered to the eye of pity all the convulſive motions of a tortured criminal, he plunged it into the rivulet with the ſame heedleſs inattention to the pain he inflicted upon his bait, as he did to the pathetic remonſtrance of his adviſer, and looking ſteadfaſtly upon his cork, he exhibited no other ſigns upon the occaſion but the true dreaming inſenſibility of his tribe.

This was the firſt time in his life that *Philo* found his words of no effect, and that he was not liſtened to and admired:

admired: he turned away from the *angler* quite diſconcerted and abaſhed, and walked along the bank of the brook and pondered.—He had frequently ſeen the boys and ruſtics of his hamlet catching the ſmall fry, and exerciſing ſome marks of cruelty upon their baits; but theſe ſimpletons always paid the ſtricteſt attention to his admonitions, and deſiſted from their foolery upon the leaſt token of his diſapprobation of their conduct; but a ſettled deliberate *plague* to the reptile race he had never met with before, and this circumſtance, as it was the firſt, it was a great check to his expectations, and ſtaggered his faith, in ſome degree, with regard to the high opinion he had formed to himſelf of the humankind.—He had often helped the *parſon* and *Sturdy* to throw the net for the dappled inhabitants of the pond—but as he looked upon it, that the almighty diſpoſer of all

all things had deſtined theſe creatures, with others of the animal ſpecies, for the food of man, he thought it is duty, only, not to exerciſe any cruelties upon them, more than he could avoid, in their diſſolution.—He had ſometimes attended the parſon, who was a curious maker of flies (an *art* he had learnt at college) and was much pleaſed with his imitations of the different ſorts of them, for the uſes of the different times of the ſpring and ſummer.—He thought there was ſomething adroit and clever in this practice, and more eſpecially in the delicate and maſterly manner in which the parſon threw his deceitful bait upon the trout-brook.—He was pleaſed with the activity of this mode of fiſhing, and his extreme ſenſibility was never hurt to any extraordinary degree, when the ſpeckled, flouncing frighted captive, was drawn, at laſt, breathleſs to the edge of the water, and taken

taken with only a ſmall and almoſt imperceptable hook perforating its lip.

Philo was juſt recovering from his meditations upon theſe matters, when the laughing *Sturdy* joined him.—He perceived that *Thomas* had got ſome freſh conceit in his head, and he liſtened to his man with his uſual condeſcenſion, while he informed his maſter of the following adventure.

Thomas having done every thing in his power for the benefit of the *butter-woman*, in faſtening her girths, in talking to her, of courſe, in helping her upon the back of her *aſs*, and in adviſing her to whip the little ſtrong animal on that ſhe might get to the church as ſoon as himſelf, took the "foot-path way" over the meadows, and ran after his maſter as faſt as his great diligence and attention prompted him along.—He ſtopped to take a little breath

breath by the ſide of the *angler*, and as *Thomas*, in the moſt active part of his concerns, had a mighty knack at the inſpection of every thing that was going forwards about him, he could not help taking a haſty ſurvey of what the man by the brook was doing.—He found that the *angler* had catched a fiſh that had gorged his hook, and that the unfeeling monſter was tearing it out of the body of the poor victim, with no other tokens in his geſticulations, but a ſtrong anxiety leſt he ſhould ſpoil his hook, or break his line, and loſe thereby the immediate opportunity of committing any more of the crimes of the *fiſherman*.—*Sturdy* no ſooner ſaw what the *angler* was about, than he, in great wrath, aſked him if he did not think himſelf a hard-hearted rogue, for catching poor fiſh in that clumſy way, and pulling their guts out while they were alive, when he might take them with a net or a ſham fly without hurting

them at all?—To which the *angler*, with the genuine coolneſs of a man uſed to the ſober amuſement of committing deliberate murder, replied—"Do not you, fellow, belong to the *fool* that is gone before you?"—"*Yes*," ſaid *Sturdy*, "*I do*"—and, with a ſudden ſpring, he toſſed the *angler* plump into the brook, and left him to get out of it at his leiſure.

As ſoon as *Thomas* had finiſhed his ſtory, and embelliſhed it properly with his deſcription of the *angler* plunging in the water like a hog in diſtreſs, his maſter could not help diſcovering ſuch ſigns of his approbation as ſatisfied *Sturdy* he had not done much amiſs in throwing the *worm-teaſer* into the rivulet; but, nevertheleſs, the gentle *Philo* warned his man againſt any hoſtile proceedings for the future, and they joined the *butterwoman*, who was waiting

ing for them at the church, and accomplished the remainder of their walk to the inn, without meeting with any farther obstructions or incidents worthy notice on their way.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

CHARACTER OF A COUNTRY SQUIRE, AND A CURATE.

THERE was a novelty in the appearance of our *hero* and his *ſuite*, on his approach to the inn, that ſtruck the people in the houſe and in the yard exceedingly.—They could not conceive, at firſt ſight, what manner of a young man he was, and from whence he had ſtarted, with a man with a wallet upon his back, and a woman and an aſs at her heels. They were ſtill more aſtoniſhed at our *hero* and his retinue, from his particular attention to his followers, and, eſpecially, from his ſolicitude for the accommodation of the woman.—This laſt circumſtance, which was nothing more than the natu-

ral

ral effect of his gratitude for the ſervices ſhe had wrought in his favour, as his conductreſs upon the road, was conſtrued by the ſpectators into a thouſand different ſhapes, all tending to the diſadvantage of our *rambler*; and he, and his man *Sturdy*, with the *butterwoman* by their ſide, were followed into one of the outer rooms of the inn by the curious eyes, and the notable animadverſions, of the moſt contemptible of all ſpeculators—the *loungers* in the bar, and in the yard of a public houſe.

The *hoſteſs*, who was a jolly handſome diſcerning woman, and a widow, being accoſted on all ſides, as well by the *ſquire*, the *curate*, and the *traveller*, as by the *exciſeman*, and the *pariſh clerk*, to go into this extraordinary party, and bring out what intelligence ſhe could gather concerning them and their affairs, no ſoooner entered the room (for ſhe had been too buſy to mind them before)

ſore) than ſhe recognized *Sturdy* and the family he belonged to, and was quite pleaſed when ſhe was informed by him, that our *hero* was his young maſter *Philo*, going upon a *ramble* for his amuſement, that they ſhould have been loſt upon the road, had not they accidentally met with the woman before her, and that his maſter deſired ſhe might have ſomething good to eat and drink before ſhe proceeded farther upon her own buſineſs.—The good-natured *hoſteſs* recollected the *butterwoman* alſo, and knew her to be (though a young woman) the mother of many children, and a very notable, pains-taking, modeſt creature.—She uſhered our *hero* into the beſt room of her houſe, and received his commands for his dinner with the marks of the greateſt attention and cordiality.—She ſent ſome good things to *Sturdy* for the immediate accommodation of himſelf and the *butterwoman*, and returned into the bar, and

diverted

diverted herſelf at the expence of the wiſeacres, her gill-drinkers, who had been ſo wantonly ſtupid, as to miſtake a ſimple young country gentleman and his man, with a poor honeſt woman, a vender of butter and ſmall wares, for a ſet of wild and unchaſte contemners of the laws of order, decency, and decorum.

Philo, in conſequence of the civility of his *hoſteſs*, and the readineſs with which ſhe complied with his wiſhes, in taking immediate care of his followers, felt himſelf exceedingly elated.—All the tranſporting ideas of the pleaſures he ſhould receive in ſociety ruſhed into his mind, and afforded him a wonderful commixture of joy, impatience, hope, and anxiety, during the interval between the time his *hoſteſs* left him to his own meditations, and his dinner.—He had ſeen the faces of mirth and good-humour as he entered the inn with his party,

and

and had attributed the ſmiling countenances of the people about him to the charming motives of a general gladneſs of heart at his arrival, and an index of their warmeſt wiſhes for his company. —He did not know how to introduce himſelf to the people; he continued a long while in great expectation that they would wait upon him—but to no effect—nobody came near him, until the waiter with the tablecloth, and the landlady with the dinner, ſupplied his very good appetite with the moſt ſubſtantial of all arguments, after his bodily fatigues, to chaſe away, for the preſent, all the perturbations of his mind.

How different were the thoughts of our *hero*, and the notions he had formed to himſelf of the ſpectators, who had beheld the ſimple manner in which he had ſprung out of his ſolitude, from what had been really paſſing in the minds of his obſervers, and their comments

ments upon him and his affairs!—How ſtrangely would the real knowledge of his ſituation, and the wicked ſuggeſtions of the people, have operated upon the innocent mind and the delicate feelings of *Philo!*—How muſt he have ſhuddered at the thought of his being looked upon, on his firſt advance in life, as a ſtroller, and a vagaband, and an impure aſſociate with a *fellow*, and a *trull!* And how might it have fared with him and his concerns, if *Sturdy* had not been known by the *hoſteſs* for a faithful ſervant in his family, and the *butterwoman* for a modeſt induſtrious creature!—Surely he muſt have met with many troubleſome ſcoffs and taunts from the witcrackers; and if the good lady of the houſe had been of an over-righteous caſt, he muſt have ſtood the terrible ſtorm of her flounces and bounces at him, for his daring to take ſuch a trollop, as ſhe would have called the woman, into any of her apartments.

—But

But providence, and his good fortune, in the perſon of his kind *hoſteſs*, ordered it otherwiſe for our *hero*, and he is yet to learn, what he has by no means been acquainted with, viz. that ridiculous readineſs with which all degrees of people, but eſpecially *idle* people, run into cenſure; and how much more pleaſant a thing it would have been to the immediate feelings of the ſpeculators upon him, on his entrance into the inn, if their vicious conjectures had proved *right*, than to be directly obliged to give up their claim to ſagacity, and undergo the mortification of being catched in a palpable and ſhameful error of judgment.

The *ſquire*, the *curate*, and the *traveller*, who were among the foremoſt to condemn our *hero*, on his approach to the inn, as an abandoned young fellow, inſtead of his being proved, by the very ſatisfactory account which the hoſteſs

had given of him, to be one of the moſt virtuous youths of the age, were now exceedingly deſirous to ſee ſuch an extraordinary perſonage, and agreed to ſtay and dine at the family table, and afterwards, to ſend their compliments to him, as a ſtranger, and to denote to him that they would be glad to drink a *bottle* with him.

The *ſquire* was a hearty country gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood, who kept a pack of hounds and a plentiful table; who drank *ſtingo* and *ſmoked* tobacco, and one that lived in the old Engliſh ſtyle of unpoliſhed, but real hoſpitality.

It being now ſummer, and the animating ſports of the field at an end, he was, as the common ſaying is, like a fiſh out of water, and idled his time away in the morning with the *curate*, either in dreaming walks about his grounds,

grounds, or in looking to the breed of his pack, or, more frequently, in lounging at the inn, and taking a gill or two of *wine* in the bar to *whet* his appetite for his dinner, and in ſeeing how the world wagged among the travellers upon the road.

The *curate* ſupplied the place of a parſon who did not reſide at this living, which conſiſted of a large and ſcattered pariſh of inhabitants; and being a roſy, complying, good-tempered man, he was the conſtant companion of the *ſquire*.—He lived *luxurioufly* with the *ſquire*, and preached *temperance* to his flock.

The *traveller* was a maſter of drapery, and going on his journey through the ſame town the *butterwoman* was ſetting out for, after her dining with *Sturdy*; but recollecting, from his accidentally ſpeaking to her in the yard, that the

morrow was a market day there, he excuſed himſelf from ſtaying to dine at the inn, as he found it would occaſion a delay in his buſineſs, which if he did not execute that evening among the tradeſmen of the town, they would be too much engaged in their ſhops on the morrow, to have any thing to ſay to him.—He therefore ordered out his bags and his nag, and trotted away about his buſineſs.

The *ſquire* and the *curate* being thus left to themſelves, ſauntered about till the houſehold dinner was ready—they had no ſooner diſpatched their ſhare of it, than they deſired the *hoſteſs* to acquaint our *hero*, who had by this time finiſhed his own meal, and who was quite ready for ſuch a meſſage, that two gentlemen of the country would be glad to drink a *bottle* with him, if he choſe to admit of their company.—*Philo* expreſſed himſelf extremely happy with

with their desire, for it was the very thing he had been waiting for; and his ardour upon the occasion, as it very much pleased the *hostess*, was not lost in her manner of delivering his answer to the party.

Philo, though he had lived a temperate life, in general, with his parents, and his friend, the parson, yet he was no milksop. He could drink his *bottle*, occasionally, and oftentimes in his convivial hours at home, he had smoked his pipe with the *parson* (an *art* which the *parson* had learnt at college) and had joined his old father, who was no despiser of the good things the Lord had blessed him with, in an ancient ditty to the praise of *Bacchus* and jolly doings, until he, as well as the whole family, were in a state of high merriment, little short of the sad crime of inebriation.

Thus our *hero* was in ſome ſort prepared for the attack which was meditated againſt him; and if we conſider the characters of his approaching viſiters, the *bottle* may ſafely be ſuppoſed to have its due weight, and ſtrength of argument, in their intended enjoyment of his company.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

CONTROVERSY UPON HARE-HUNTING.

PHILO, being at length arrived to the important æra of his mixing in the company of ſtrangers, was not a little agitated upon the occaſion.—He received the jolly *ſquire*, on his entering the room, with evident marks of modeſty and diffidence, but, at the ſame time, with genuine tokens of the gladneſs of his heart.—He had ſupplied his table with glaſſes, and a bottle of port; and he offered the chairs and the juice of the grape to the *ſquire* and the *curate* in ſuch a natural and prepoſſeſſing way in his favour, that they were aſtoniſhed at their folly, and ridiculous ſurmiſes

concerning him, on his approach to the inn. They find that his dreſs, ſimplicity, and modeſt manners, all give the very "lye direct" to their former ſuſpicions, and he is now raiſed as high, as he was before, degraded, in their opinions.

"Sir," ſaid the *ſquire* (after the firſt civilities were expreſſed, a glaſs or two of wine drank, and the ſilent comments, which they had made upon each others appearance and manners, were over) "I find by the account I have received from our landlady, that you are the ſon of a gentleman, lately deceaſed, of a moſt excellent character indeed, and that your eſtate lays not more than twenty or thirty miles from this place.—She informs me that her knowledge of your family has been obtained by the caſual circumſtances of her having, now and then, forwarded goods to your houſe, and that the carrier

of,

of the ſame, who goes but very ſeldom that way, always returns with the moſt extraordinary intelligence I ever met with, of the goodneſs of your diſpoſitions towards the people of your neighbourhood, and the high opinion they have of your virtues.—I very much lament, ſir, that your having lived ſo long out of the track of almoſt all communication, has prevented my having come to the knowledge of you before this time, but as I underſtand, from the good lady of this houſe, that you are now upon a tour of pleaſure, I ſhall be glad if you will ſtay a few days with me, and I will give you the beſt my houſe affords—not only, ſir, in good eating and drinking, but in good beds for yourſelf and your ſervants, and good ſtables and provender for your horſes—for I hate the vile practice, nowadays, of feaſting one's friends with all the luxuries in the world until the evening, and then turning

them out of doors, like ſome hounds I have been feeding, though it may be the depth of winter, and the roads almoſt impaſſable by daylight.—I live, ſir, a mile from here, and though it be now ſummer, you ſhall not be driven out, like a dog at night, to pore your way to your inn in the dark, becauſe I may not chuſe, like moſt people, now-adays, to be incommoded with you a minute longer than your company will anſwer the purpoſe of my oſtentation, in ſhowing you how well I live, but not, at the ſame time, in what I ought to ſhow you, and which is of infinitely more conſequence to you, how heartily I intereſt myſelf for your comfort and convenience, and the benefit of your health and conſtitution."

Philo, whoſe genius was all on fire to increaſe his acquaintance with men, and their manners, felt himſelf not at all inclined to be cooped up at the

ſquire's houſe in the way he had propoſed, and made his artleſs apology accordingly.—He told the *ſquire* he had no horſes to trouble him with—that he was going, with his man, on a ramble through the adjacent towns afoot—that he was very eager to proceed on his walk, as he wiſhed exceedingly to ſee ſomething more of the world than he had hitherto been able to do—but, nevertheleſs, he was greatly obliged to him for his kind invitation, and quite in raptures with his generous and humane mode of hoſpitality.

"Sir," ſaid the *ſquire*, "I had forgot the circumſtance of ſeeing you enter the inn afoot—I only wiſhed to notice to you, or to any other gentleman, who might do me the honour of a viſit to my houſe, that your horſes, if you had any with you, ſhould be taken as much care of as yourſelf, and that you and

your ſervants ſhould have good beds as well as good living; and that, I think, is the moſt perfect and reſpectful way of treating one's friends at one's own houſe, in any ſituation, but more eſpecially in the country.—But, ſir, as you ſeem very deſirous of ſeeing, as you ſay, a little more of the world before you can reliſh a viſit, for even a few days, at my houſe, which, I acknowledge, would throw you again into ſomething like the retirement you have juſt eſcaped from, I will not preſs the matter farther at preſent, but leave you to your own purſuits, in the bleſſed hope, that as ſoon as you are ſickened with public ſociety, which, I apprehend, will be of no long date firſt, you will call on me, and ſtay with me until you are tired of your entertainment."

Philo repeated again and again his ſincere thanks to the *ſquire*, and made him

him a promiſe to wait on him ſoon after he had completed his *ramble*.

"Well, then, ſir," ſaid the *ſquire*, "as this *ramble* of your's may take up the greateſt part of the ſummer, before you return home and ſettle your affairs, I ſhall be glad to ſee you in the hunting ſeaſon—for we are all alive then, and I have got one of the beſt packs of harriers in the kingdom, as well as an excellent ſtud of horſes, out of which you ſhall chuſe the one you like beſt for your own riding."

Philo was ſtruck into ſilence and concern at the jolly *ſquire*'s laſt overture—He had always conſidered hunting, but eſpecially hare-hunting, as a moſt cruel diverſion; and he was unable to give an immediate anſwer to the *ſquire*'s propoſal, from his perplexity and fears of offending ſuch an hoſpitable cha-

racter,

racter, by diſcovering his averſion to the ſports of the field. He was, at laſt, put to the ſhift, which did not agree at all with his ſincerity of heart, of evading an explanation as well as he could, by telling the *ſquire* he would take the earlieſt opportunity of waiting on him after his *ramble*, but from ſome circumſtances that had juſt occurred to him, he was afraid it would not be in his power to do it in the hunting ſeaſon.

"O ſir," ſaid the *ſquire*, "you are no *ſportſman*, I perceive, but after a chaſe or two you will entertain a better opinion of it—and if you have not been uſed to riding much, I'll furniſh you with an old hunter, ſo quiet and ſo uſed to his buſineſs, that he ſhall follow you over a gate or a ſtile like a grey-hound, and never put you to the riſk of breaking your neck."

Philo,

Philo, remaining ſilent, and perplexed, not knowing what anſwer to make to ſuch a very preſſing and cordial invitation, was relieved from his anxiety by the *curate*; who ſaid he thought the gentleman had ſome other reaſon for not chuſing to wait upon the *ſquire* in the hunting ſeaſon, than any fears of his neck—and that moſt likely he did not reliſh hunting, as a diverſion, in ſome other reſpect.

Philo, thinking the *parſon*, to be ſure, would be of his mind, ventured to ſay that he thought the hunting of the hare was rather a cruel diverſion; and he hoped the good and generous *ſquire* wou'd excuſe him for ſpeaking his opinion of it, as he was drawn into it, from his not knowing how to avoid the truth any longer.

"Oh! oh!" cried the *ſquire*, "is that it?—is that it?—is that your objection?

—God's

—God's blood!" ſaid he, "I never thought of the cruelty of the matter in my life, and yet I think I have as much humanity as another man.—But if you come over *me* this way, young gentleman, I'll turn *you* over to the *parſon*, as one that is troubled in mind; and, with your leave I'll ſmoke a pipe of tobacco, and drink a bottle of ſtingo the while.—Come, anſwer him, *parſon*, get on *parſon*," ſaid the *ſquire*,—"hark forward!—hark forward," cried the *ſquire*, for he was a little nettled, and he rang the bell for his pipe and his ſtingo in a clamorous uniſon with his "hark forward!"

Philo, though he had been exceedingly averſe from coming to an explanation of his objections to hare-hunting, in conſequence of his having conſidered the *ſquire* as a very hoſpitable man, and himſelf in a delicate ſituation, yet he was now by no means daunted at the

ſquire's violence and vociferation, nor at the attack which he was about to ſuſtain from the *curate* upon the ſubject, both of which, inſtead of urging him to decline the combat, ſtimulated him to maintain his benevolent principles againſt any oppoſition, but a thorough conviction that he was miſtaken.—He, in his turn, was ſomewhat angry—and he looked at the *curate* with a ſettled countenance, while the *ſquire* took a bumper of ſtingo, and lighted his pipe, and the *curate*, after a pauſe, and a glaſs of port, began the aſſault.

"Pray, ſir," ſaid the *curate*, "what are your *wonderful* objections to hare-hunting under the idea of its being, as *you* call it, a *cruel* diverſion?"

"Why, ſir," ſaid *Philo*, "under favour of this gentleman, who has treated me with ſo much civility, in his repeated and, I am confident, ſincere invitations

invitations to his houſe, and under the *idea*, ſir, that, of all things, I would have avoided giving my ſentiments of a diverſion that ſeems to be the principal object and pleaſure of ſo worthy a character, unleſs I were, as I now am, *forced* to explain myſelf, I will tell you, ſir, without diſguiſe, reſtraint, or *impertinence*, I hope, ſince you call ſo *devoutly* for my opinion, what I think of the matter."

"Excellent!" cried the *ſquire*, "the game is up, and will afford fine ſport!—this is a mettleſome, ſpirited young fox, *parſon*," ſaid the *ſquire*, "and won't be run down, by our harriers, in leſs than four hours at leaſt. Come, young gentleman, here's your good health—I like you, ſir, notwithſtanding we may differ a little about hunting, and I may have been ſomewhat loud and haſty in my expreſſions—it was only my way, ſir,—I meant no harm

by

by it—I ſhall be glad to ſee you next ſummer, as you don't like hunting, and we will go and get *daiſies* together, an *innocent* diverſion which may be more pleaſing to you.—But, ſir, I beg pardon—I interrupt you—don't reply to me, for I have done.—I only wanted you to be informed, that though I am a *cruel* hare-hunter, I am incapable of a *deſign* to treat you ill, or to injure you in the ſmalleſt degree."

This hearty good-humour of the *ſquire* was a ſeaſonable relief to *Philo*, and he entered into the following defence of his opinion, quite collected and compoſed.

"To make a *ſport* of the work of *death*," ſaid *Philo* to the *curate*, "is in itſelf *cruel*, and contrary, in my humble opinion, to the dictates of *humanity*.—As far as I have ſeen of dogs of that ſpecies which you call hounds, I have obſerved

obſerved they have a faculty of ſmelling, in ſuch an exquiſite degree, that merely from the ſcent which the almoſt printleſs feet, and the delicate body of the hare leaves behind her, they can unravel, in the morning, the mazes of her haunts, during the night, and puſh her from her retreat, for the day, with an aſtoniſhing ſagacity.—It is, to be ſure, exceedingly curious, if not entertaining, to watch and contemplate the motions of theſe animals, and their eagerneſs and joy in their purſuit; but to delight in ſuch an entertainment farther than the ſtarting of the hare, is carrying your diverſion beyond the bounds of humanity, and proves you to be, for the time at leaſt, as ſavage and remorſeleſs as your hounds.—I have, in my walks at home, often admired the fine-ſmelling ſagacity of the hound, and have ſuffered two or three of them, of the ſmaller breed, to diſturb the poor hare from her ſeat; but her quickneſs

of

of foot was ſuch an overmatch for ſo few of her enemies, that the violence done to her gave no great ſhock to my ſenſibility, and I was always delighted and happy to ſee her make her eſcape to the woods with ſo much eaſe to herſelf; but to form into a large pack a number of theſe ſlow purſuers of her —to ſuffer them to follow her by the ſcent, after ſhe is ſtarted, for hours together before you kill her—to teaſe her, to fright her, and to tire her almoſt to death, before ſhe is at laſt eaſed of her torments by the mouths of your hounds—and to call this a diverſion, but, eſpecially, to ſuggeſt that it is not a *cruel* ſport, is a prepoſterous way of reaſoning among beings formed, as we are, with all the ſoft and tender feelings of compaſſion.—Hares, as well as other animals of the brute creation, where there are too many of them, and they incommode the humankind, the latter have a right to deſtroy them, and, particularly,

particularly, as theſe creatures ſeem to be, amongſt others, deſtined for the food of man, he undoubtedly has a right to kill them and eat them too—but to make a *ſport* of this work of *death*, though it may be our lot to die in pain and miſery, is certainly ſhocking to the natural and unprejudiced mind of a reaſonable being.—To give a moment's unneceſſary pain to the animal he deſtroys for his food or convenience, is againſt the dictates of that remorſe which he *muſt* feel, though, perhaps, it may be momentary, when he ſees the moſt trifling inſect expire; and nothing but *uſe*, and a mind *hardened* by the *cruel* practice of hunting the hare, can make that a diverſion which, in its true ſenſe, is putting the moſt *timid* creature upon earth to the moſt *terrible* of all deaths.—Nature ſeems to me to point out, in your domeſtic animals, the mode in which you ſhould kill the hare.—You have

the

the hound, or the ſpaniel, with his fine-ſcenting noſe, to direct you to her retreat, and the tall and fleet greyhound to put her to death.—Thus, if ſhe is to die, ſhe dies and it is over with her in a few minutes, or ſhe eſcapes to the woods, unhurt, and untired, and recovers from her fright as ſoon.—But to get large packs of ſlow hounds to trace her by the ſcent, in a long continued train of fearful eſcapes, and hard ſhifts for her life, which is of itſelf worſe than dying,—to puſh her from every lurking place ſhe can find, ſtill purſuing, ſtill hanging on her, wherever ſhe flies, till at laſt ſhe dies, quite worn and ſpent, the moſt terrible death that *human* barbarity could deviſe, is a melancholy proof of your inſenſibility. —Beſides, what a mean exultation it is, of the human race, over ſuch a ſmall, inoffenſive, and timid animal as the hare, when (as I have been told) after two or three hours exertion of all her

arts

arts and ſtrength to eſcape you, ſhe tries the laſt ſhift for her life, in laying herſelf down, and taking the chance of your miſſing her, in vain; when ſhe is whipped from her lurking place, and expoſed, ſtiff, languid, and jaded, to the dreadful VIEW of a ſavage and inexorable throng; when this poor, ſimple, weak, and forlorn creature is ſtunned and confounded by the blood-thirſty cries of the hounds, the triumphal ſhouts of the hunters, the ——————

"D—n her, there ſhe goes!" cried the *ſquire*, ſtarting up at the ſame time, with all the fury of the VIEW in his mind, "who!!!" cried the *ſquire*, in a long and terrific view-holla—"hark forward! hark forward! hark forward!" roared the *ſquire*—"now *Bruſher* and *Rattler* put up to her!—now *Tipler* and *Bouncer*—now *Ranger* and *Gallaper*—now *Damſel* and *Ringwood*, get ground upon her!—Holla! holla! holla!"

roar'd

roar'd the *ſquire*—"ride, huntſman, for your life!—ride, huntſman, for the hare!—The whole pack gain upon her! ſhe's dying! ſhe's dying!—d—n her, ſhe's dying!—now *Bruſher* makes a ſtroke at her!—now *Tipler!* well done *Tipler!*—Oh! he miſſes her!—now *Damſel* is at her! *Damſel* is at her! Who!!! my good *Damſel* has catched her! dead! dead! dead!—Whip the pack off! Who-whoop! who-whoop! who-whoop!"

The above ſudden and unexpected rouſe of the *ſquire* from the enjoyment of his pipe and his ſtingo, and the clamorous exertion of his mighty powers in the *view-holla*, and his imitative encouragement of the hounds, when, after a long chaſe, the huntſmen are determined the hare ſhall die, threw *Philo* againſt the wall, a ſtatue of aſtoniſhment, plunged the *curate* into a burſting fit of laughter, drew the *hoſteſs* into the room to know what was

the matter, cauſed *Sturdy* to follow the lady to defend his maſter from the jaws of the devil, made the people in the kitchen flock to the parlour windows, and ſet all the terriers, curs, and beagles about the houſe, in an uproar of yelping, little inferior to the ſhouts of the *ſquire*.

But as all the parties about the premiſes, except *Philo* and his man *Sturdy*, were well acquainted with the *ſquire*'s humour, and the animating ſhouts of the ſportſmen, they no ſooner ſaw that the jolly *ſquire* had been giving, only, a ſpecimen of his art, than they, with the *hoſteſs*, returned to their own affairs; and *Sturdy*, finding his maſter was in no immediate danger of his life, retired into the kitchen, where he was ſoon convinced, by the company there, of the reality and inoffenſiveneſs of the caſe.

"Gracious

"Gracious God!" exclaimed *Philo*, recovering from his ſurprize, "is the good *ſquire* ſubject to theſe fits?"—

"Fits! fits!" cried the *ſquire*, rubbing his temples with his handkerchief, and coughing, and ſtruggling with the effects of his violence, "what the plague do you mean by fits?—Come, ſit down, ſir,—I am not mad—I ſha'n't bite you—you brought me, at laſt, after a long and tedious chaſe, to the VIEW of the hare, and rouſed in my mind the joys of the *view-holla*, and the tranſports of the *death*, and I could not help, for the blood of me, giving a looſe to my *feelings*, as you call them, in the remembrance of thoſe heavenly raptures I have experienced at the very criſis you, with your *ſenſibility*, and the Lord knows what, were lamenting.—Sit down, ſir—ſit down, ſir—don't ſtand in amaze—I am not a brute, ſir, for all this.—I beg pardon for interrupting

you—I'll take my pipe again and be quiet.—Do, *parſon*, for God's ſake, ſettle this matter with the young gentleman; for notwithſtanding his particular prejudices againſt hare-hunting, as a moſt *cruel* diverſion, I am ſure he is only deceived by the extreme tenderneſs of his heart—an unneceſſary tenderneſs, which will only ſerve to embarraſs him in this world, make him ridiculous in moſt companies, and prevent him, in time, if he is encouraged in it, from walking the ſtreet, or entering his houſe, leſt he ſhould, in ſo doing, tread upon a *worm*, or maim an *earwig*."

Philo, not knowing how, in the name of wonder, to reconcile the ſhocking part, as it appeared to him, of the *ſquire*'s noiſy diſplay of his ſavage pleaſure in the moſt terrible of all deaths, the death of the hare, with his benign and friendly virtues which were manifeſted in his behaviour in every other reſpect,

reſpect, remained in a ſad and inexpreſſible ſtate of bewildered cogitation.—He ſat himſelf down, and ſeemed not diſpoſed to ſay another word, but rather, to give way to ſome ſtruggles within his breaſt, that drew the following obſervations to him from the *curate*.

"To ſuppoſe the hare to be poſſeſſed of all the delicate ſenſations, refined reflections, and tender feelings, of yourſelf, ſir, the hunting of her by a pack of ſlow hounds muſt be, of all things, the moſt cruel ſport in the world. But, ſir, the hare is a brute, without reaſon, and poſſeſſed of no faculties, but a celerity of action, and an inſtinctive cunning, that enables her, on moſt caſes of emergency, to outrun and evade her enemies.—If, ſir, we look into nature, as eſtabliſhed by God himſelf, and which no reaſonable being, under his diſpenſations, has a right to find fault with, we cannot help acknow-

ledging, that our all-wiſe Creator, for purpoſes beſt known to himſelf, has cauſed an eternal war to rage among the brutal part of his works.—Setting aſide the ſavage hoſtilities of the wild beaſts of Africa, the domeſtic hound with us, urged by the dictates of the very faculties implanted in him by the Deity, will, of his own accord, and, without being ſtimulated to it by man, hunt the hare. The pointer will ſet the partridge, and the ſpaniel will ſpring the woodcock or the ſnipe; and each of theſe animals, though they are always very ready to engage in a promiſcuous attack upon all, or any of the above creatures, yet they are ever ſeen to delight moſt in the purſuit of that particular ſpecies which they ſeem to have been intended for by the Almighty.—Is man to *correct* God's *works*, ſir?—Is he to *lament* the fate of the animals which the Deity has *formed* to be hunted, and with an arrogance of ſympathy and

fine

fine feelings for theſe ſimple fools, unknown in the *order* of the creation, to *reſtrain* the hound from the exertion of his powers of hunting, which are the only *faculties* with which he has been *furniſhed* by the Godhead, and for the *evident* purpoſe of man's own *convenience* and *recreation?*——The enlarged and extenſive mind of man, ſir, perceives at once his ſituation, and his relative duties as a member of his own community. It furniſhes him with a knowledge of a *firſt cauſe*—it acquaints him with the certainty of his diſſolution here—it excites him to hope for future joys in another and more happy ſtate of exiſtence—it expoſes to his view, in all their horrible ſhapes, not only the pains and griefs he may at preſent feel, but their conſequent operations upon him in a long train of evils to come—he is ſure that he is to die in pain and miſery—he learns from this ſtate of things, if he is not a ſavage, to

ſympathize with his fellow creatures in all their misfortunes, and to alleviate, by every exertion in his power, the diſtreſs of a mind, like his own, looking through a wonderful train of preſent and future maledictions.—But pray, ſir, what has the hare, the partridge, or the ſnipe to do with all this?—The hare, for inſtance, a creature that is killed by a pack of ſlow hounds in a long and tedious chaſe after her, and that you conceive to poſſeſs all the horrors of her ſituation in a manner equal to thoſe dreadful panics, reflections, and miſeries of her caſe, which you, yourſelf, would feel, were you to be hunted to death by a ruthleſs crew of infernals, has no ſuch fearful and complicated apprehenſions upon her.—She knows nothing what death is, nor never had the power to reflect a moment about it—ſhe is impreſſed with a timidity that urges her to fly from immediate danger, but ſhe has no combined reaſoning to diſturb

turb her after the preſent moment of her eſcape; and though a hundred hounds and horſemen were after her for five hours together, ſhe never would feel a minutes pain but at the inſtant ſhe was hard preſſed or put to death; and even at this fatal criſis it is fooliſh to imagine ſhe feels all thoſe united terrors of the mind, which the ſight of her diſſolution would excite in your tender and ſympathizing boſom.

"The muſical cry of the hound," continued the *curate*, "in the purſuit of his game, which is ſo native to the ear, and animating to the mind of man, and ſo encouraging to the horſes kept for the chaſe, that the foaming ſteed cannot be reſtrained, but by long habits, to any moderation in his delights, affords a concluſive reaſon why the hound was deſigned by the Deity to follow the hare, or any of the fleet and wild animals of the woods, for the diverſion of

the human race; and that the horſes of the finer and more exquiſite conſtruction of body and limbs, for fire and ſwiftneſs, were ordained for the very ſame purpoſe.—A gentleman not looking into theſe things, ſir, with an eye directed to the Supreme, in his works, not conſidering, perhaps, the original ſtate of nature, in the earlier ages, when hunting was the principal purſuit of man, may condemn a practice, as *cruel*, that all nations have followed with the greateſt rapture, at thoſe periods of their glory, when the virtues of humanity were exerciſed in their fulleſt extent, when no confined regards to ſelfiſh proceedings were countenanced, when every thing was given away, and univerſal hoſpitality prevailed.---But it is otherwiſe now—-every thing that is natural and plain to the unrefined ſenſes and feelings of man in his original ſtate, is explained away by frothy and ſqueamiſh arguments.

"The

"The muſical cry of the hound," ſaid the *curate*, ſmiling, "puts me in mind of a trite ſtory of a fellow, whoſe ear had been ſo buffetted by the crotchets and quavers in his head, and the rapid running of unmeaning diviſions upon the muſical inſtruments of our times, where the grandeur and ſimplicity of the ancient muſic is too generally ſet aſide, that his companion, who was a hunter, calling to him, as they were walking along a lane, to liſten to the heavenly muſic of the chaſe, exclaimed, "God bleſs me, how unfortunate I am that I cannot hear it for the *barking* of thoſe dogs!"—"It is impoſſible for me, ſir, to ſay any thing to ſuch a fellow as this, and many, no doubt, of the preſent crotchet breed, would join iſſue with him upon the ſame occaſion; but for your conſideration, ſir, whom I look upon, and mean to treat, with the greateſt reſpect, I will conclude my obſervations upon

hunting, with the raviſhing deſcription of the muſic of the chaſe, as written by the divine *Shakeſpeare*, and leave you to judge whether ſuch muſic from the mouths of the hounds, was not given them by the Deity, for the delight of the humankind, in the glorious ſports of the field."

THESEUS, with HIPPOLITA, *and his Train.*

In the Play of Midſummer Night's Dream.

" *Theſ.* Go one of you, find out the foreſter,
" For now our obſervation is perform'd,
" And ſince we have the vaward of the day,
" My love ſhall hear the muſic of my hounds.
" Uncouple in the weſtern valley, go,
" Diſpatch, I ſay, and find the foreſter.
" We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
" And mark the muſical confuſion
" Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

" *Hip.* I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
" When in a wood of *Creet* they bay'd the bear
" With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
" Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groves,
" The ſkies, the fountains, ev'ry region near,
" Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
" So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

" *Thef.* My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan*
" kind,
" So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung,
" With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
" Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like *Theſſalian*
" bulls;
" Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like
" bells,
" Each under each. A cry more tuneable
" Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
" In *Creet*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*:
" Judge when you hear."

" *Judge when you hear*," ſaid the *ſquire* to *Philo*, " for though the hounds that *Shakeſpeare* deſcribes ſeem to be of what we call the *ſouthern* breed, large and adapted for the higher ſpecies of game, yet the muſic of my harriers, though not ſo deep and loud as the hounds of *Theſeus*, is equally as ſublime."—" *Judge when you hear*," ſaid the *ſquire*, " and not condemn a practice until you have conſidered it in all its parts; for, I am ſure, were you to enter into the ſpirit of hunting, you would

would find it the moſt natural exerciſe of all your powers, both of mind and body, of any other kind of amuſement in the world."

Philo ſaid he certainly felt the weight of what the *curate* had urged in favour of hare-hunting, and, eſpecially, the muſical cry of the hound, as *Shakeſpeare* had deſcribed it, was very delightful; but, yet he could not help noticing, that the game alluded to, which afforded the occaſion for liſtening to the cry of the hounds, was of a ſavage nature. *Hippolita* mentions the *bear*; and as our *fox* (for we have no other of the *four-legged* prowlers left in this country) lives by rapine and murder, there ſeems a kind of juſtice in his terrible and violent death by a pack of hounds, attended with all the thundering clamour of the field:—But the *hare*, ſir, the poor inoffenſive *hare*, ſir, "I am

ſure,

ſure I could never reconcile it to my feelings to follow her."

"Come, come," ſaid the *ſquire*, "theſe lady-like objections wont do in in a man—you have already given up the *fox* to the frightful and lingering death, as you call it, of hunting, and I ſhall find you in another winter or two, leap over all the five-barred gates upon my eſtate after the *hare*.—Theſe extreme tender feelings do very well in the women, who are never more pleaſing than in their fears; and a pretty young lady putting into my hands the other day a pathetic copy of verſes of her own writing upon the *cruelty* of hare-hunting, I excuſed her at once, and ſent her the next hare my hounds killed for her pains.—My wife, ſir, will ſtroke the hare, when I have brought a fine one that we have killed into the parlour for her to look at, and call it "poor creature, and have they frighted it out

of

of its ſenſes, and then killed it."—Lord bleſs us! the women, ſir, are fond of this ſnivelling work—but for all her tender ſtrokes, and pathetic cant, there is never a woman in the pariſh will play her part better with *poor puſs*, when ſhe is brought to the table for dinner, than my wife will."

Philo now ſitting ſilent, as having given up the matter, or, at leaſt, any farther converſation about it, the hearty *ſquire* appealed to the pleaſures of the *bottle*, and the true epicuriſm which the exerciſe of hunting enabled a man to enjoy, without hurting his conſtitution, above all other modes of labour. He reprobated, in the ſtrongeſt terms, the deſtructive indolence which prevailed among people of fortune, who lived, he ſaid, luxurioufly, but took no exerciſe, and were leaving off, as rude and obſolete, the ſports of the field; who followed the principles of *Epicurus* in the

the pleaſures of the feſtive board, but took no pains to enable their conſtitutions to ſupport them. He thought, he ſaid, from the original ſtate of man, he was particularly deſigned to hunt for his food, and to enjoy the good things of this life with an unſparing hand.—The roſy-faced *Bacchus*, with his juice of the grape, and the big-bellied *Sir John Barleycorn* with his foaming old beer, were bleſſings, he ſaid, not to be deſpiſed or diſregarded but by thoſe whoſe indolence, or native weakneſs of conſtitution, rendered it neceſſary for them to *weep* and drink *water*.—He did not mean, he ſaid, that a man ſhould be, like *Silenus*, the tutor and debaucher of *Bacchus*, eternally drunk, for that was beaſtly, and had been too often, he feared, a true charge of the milkſops againſt hunters.—"No," ſaid the *Squire*, "every one knows that we may take too much of a good thing, and, I am ſure, when I have

have been laying on a little too hard with good wine and good ſtingo, I have ſuffered for it afterwards conſumedly—and have felt, by painful experience, that a continuation of ſuch violence done to one of the beſt conſtitutions in the world, would ſoon lay me low with my anceſtors.—But, ſir, I riſe early, uſe exerciſe, dine late, drink, to be ſure, a little freely, and go to bed at TEN.—I never had the gout, the rheumatiſm, the jaundice, nor the plague—I am in high ſpirits both morning, noon, and night, and never knew what it was to have a qualm of conſcience or a queaſy ſtomach; except after thoſe accidental liberties I have taken with my conſtitution, in the enjoyment of my friends on particular and convivial occaſions.—Theſe things will happen ſometimes, ſir, with the moſt careful and ſober ſons of the creation—and I hope I ſhall be forgiven if I have run into exceſs rather oftner than I ought to have done.—

But,

But, ſir, I am galloping on in my old way.—God bleſs you, ſir," ſaid the *ſquire*, taking *Philo* by the hand, "I ſhall be glad, with all my heart and ſoul, and think myſelf for ever obliged to you, if you will ſuffer me ſo far to put a negative upon your *haſte* in the proſecution of your ramble, as really to inſiſt upon your *dining* with me at my houſe to-morrow; and I poſitively declare that I will not urge you to ſtay a moment longer with me afterwards, than will be entirely agreeable to yourſelf."

Philo was quite pleaſed with the honeſt, downright, hoſpitable *ſquire*, and ſeemed to incline to his laſt propoſal.—He drank rather freely with him and the *curate*, and even joined with them in ſmoking a pipe or two of tobacco.—They engaged in deſultory talk about the country, and other unintereſting

tereſting matters, till eight o'clock at night.—They ſupped upon ſome light and dainty cates, which the hoſteſs provided for them; and though it was not the *ſquire*'s cuſtom to ſtay from home in the evening, he would not part with our *hero* till he had obtained his final conſent to dine with him the next day. This being effected, the *ſquire* drank a full-flowing bumper of ſtingo, ſtanding, to the ſucceſs of our *hero* and his purſuits, and went away with the *curate*, quite happy that he had gained his point of a viſit from the ſtranger, though it was to be ſo ſhort, and had coſt him ſo much pains to procure.

The occurrences of *Philo*'s firſt day's advance on his *ramble* being thus ended, he deſired to be conducted to his bed; where he muſed himſelf to ſleep with the various and wandering meditations

of

of his mind upon the novelty of his ſituation and concerns; while the "ſweet bird of night" ſat upon an elm near his chamber window, and ſung a "heavenly requiem to his reſt."

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

DELIA, THE SQUIRE's DAUGHTER—PHILO SMITTEN WITH HER CHARMS.

PHILO lay rather late the next morning, in conſequence of his fatigues and good living the preceding day.—He had no ſooner taken his breakfaſt, and made himſelf as clean and as freſh as the blooming roſe of May, than the *curate* waited on him to conduct him to the *ſquire*'s.---He found the houſe in a rural ſituation, and quite in the old ſtyle of building. ---The *ſquire* received him very cordially---he took him through his principal apartments, where every convenience was ſpecified, and very much approved of by his gueſt. He ſhowed

him the regular order in which the offices were arranged round his houſe, and the comfortable manner in which they were formed by his anceſtors for the uſes of the domeſtic animals, and the advantage and pleaſure of their owner.---He ſaid the mode of obſcuring, or placing at a diſtance, the delights of a full diſplay of, and a near neighbourhood to, the moſt uſeful and inoffenſive creatures in the world, the domeſtic animals, was a refinement in building gentlemen's ſeats, which was now getting into faſhion, that he ſhould never come into, and aſked *Philo*'s opinion of the matter.

Philo modeſtly obſerved that he could not ſay any thing to what was doing in the world, as he had not ſeen any ſuch innovations as the *ſquire* talked of---but, for his part, he ſaid, a cloſe connexion with the brute creation, particularly thoſe animals that are ſo nearly

nearly allied to us, in the abſolute ſupport which they render us, and without which we ſhould be a miſerable race of mortals, was of all things his taſte and delight, and he wondered that any rational being could be ſo ſtupid in his amuſements, as not to reliſh, in the higheſt degree, thoſe exerciſes of the mind which reſult from an attentive obſervation of the whole race of the four-footed and the feathered tribes.

"Agreed," ſaid the *ſquire*, as they were walking towards the kennel---- "now you ſhall hear the muſic of my hounds."---He waved his hand to his huntſman, and whippers-in, who, having been apprized of his intention, ſuddenly opened the outer door of the place, and gave ſuch a thundering ſportſman's rouſe to the pack, that the hounds burſt from their retreats, and rung the welkin with their cry.

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The ſituation was the moſt favourable that could be conceived; for the kennel ſtood upon a falling ſlope, near to the ſide of a ſpreading rivulet, while hanging woods, upon riſing hills, at various diſtances, conveyed the charming echo, in a promiſcuous reiteration of the joyful clamour, that, to the ear of a ſportſman, was irreſiſtible; and *Philo* felt himſelf wonderfully animated, to the great ſatisfaction of the *ſquire*, who, whiſpering the *curate*, ſaid "we ſhall make ſomething of him I ſee, when he returns from his *ramble*, if we can but get him into the field."

After this diſplay of the muſic of the *ſquire*'s hounds, and his conſequent obſervations upon the merits of the moſt diſtinguiſhed of his pack, for ſagacity and perſeverance in the difficulties of the chaſe, he employed our *hero* much more in his own way, in looking over a numerous train of every

ſpecies of the domeſtic fowls which are uſually met with in the environs of an old manſion, and which were, in large quantities, exhibited to the view of the ſpectator about the *ſquire*'s houſe.

When *Philo*'s various remarks upon theſe, and upon the beautiful ſituation of the ſurrounding country, were nearly exhauſted, the bell rang for dinner.—He was taken into the general apartment of the houſe, and left with the family pictures, and other prints and traits of ſome eminent maſters of the pencil: he had been amuſing himſelf with theſe, and was deeply engaged with one of them, when the *ſquire*'s daughter *Delia* came to let him know that dinner was upon the table.

Philo, at this moment, was intently examining a portrait of a fine girl, dreſſed in the flowing ſimplicity of a goddeſs.—As he had never ſeen any thing

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thing like ſo exquiſite a repreſentation of beauty before, his paſſions were engaged in the diſplay of ſuch uncommon charms. He felt emotions, concerning this figure, that he could not account for.—They were new, and therefore incomprehenſible; and he wiſhed the delightful ſtrokes of the artiſt to be realized, or, that he could exerciſe the power of making the raviſhing form before his eyes, ſtart from the canvas, and become a ſubſtantial object of life and animation.

He was thus exerciſing that warmth of imagination, upon this pleaſing portrait, which the reader muſt have obſerved him to have exhibited upon many other occaſions, perhaps, leſs intereſting, when a ſoft voice uttered the words "my father has ſent me, ſir, to let you know dinner is upon the table," drew him from his fixed gaze upon the picture, to the original; and he con-

tinued a few ſeconds under the ſtrong deluſion that ſome kind ſpirit had hearkened to his wiſhes, and, literally, changed the print into a real ſubſtance, before he was convinced of the ſimple matter in agitation, that the young lady before him was a daughter of the *ſquire's*, and that the *portrait* he had been commenting upon was her *picture*.

Bluſhing embarraſſment, on both ſides, immediately took place upon this terrible occaſion—for *Delia* had been led into the extraordinary circumſtance of her waiting upon an utter ſtranger to conduct him to her father's table, by a frolickſome plot laid between the *ſquire* and the *curate*, to ſurprize her.—The *ſquire*, having come home the preceding evening rather "half ſeas over," ſlept late the next morning, and never troubled his head about informing his wife or his daughter of any freſh viſiter; and as the ladies were on a morning

ride, in the old coach, when *Philo* firſt made his appearance at the houſe, and were gone into their chambers, afterwards, to dreſs, quite uninformed of the matter, at the time our *hero* was with the *ſquire* and the *curate* ſurveying the out-offices, as before deſcribed, they came down to dinner without any expectation of company, except a domeſtic friend or two that the *ſquire* uſually prevailed upon to dine with him, ſo that, while the ſervants were placing the diſhes upon the table, poor *Delia* was ſent by her father to deſire his neighbour, *Mr. Brownlocks*, whom he had left ſauntering, he ſaid, in the public room, to come to dinner, when, lo! to her utter aſtoniſhment, ſhe found there a gentleman ſhe had never ſeen in her life, and, from his ſeeming great ſurprize at her approach, ſhe was under violent apprehenſions that he was out of his ſenſes.

The momentary diſtreſs of theſe young ſtrangers ending in *Philo*'s following the timid damſel, he knew not how, into the dining room, they exhibited, on their entrance, ſuch ſtrong marks of confuſion in their behaviour, that the mother of *Delia*, wondering who ſhe had picked up, fell exactly into the ſame predicament, and with difficulty collected herſelf ſufficiently to pay a proper regard to ſuch an unexpected viſiter, till ſhe perceived, by the riſible countenances of the *ſquire* and the *curate*, that this was a plot, among many others ſhe had experienced from her graceleſs huſband, to throw his wife and daughter, and the decorum of his houſe, into a ſhort and ludicrous ſtate of perplexity for his diverſion.

The table being ſpread and the ſervants attending, the company ſat down, and reciprocal good manners took place of the preceding embarraſſment; but

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as the ladies wanted to underſtand ſome particulars concerning the ſtranger, frequent marks of curioſity flaſhed from their eyes, while the *ſquire* and the *curate* hugged themſelves in the completion of their plan, and laughed, and talked to our *hero* in the gayeſt good humour imaginable; but to the great mortification of the mother, whoſe curioſity began to riſe to an amazing height, to know who this ſtranger was, the *ſquire* wickedly withheld an eccliarciſſement on that very account; and what was worſe, and more tormenting to the curioſity of a lady, he ſeemed to exult in the exerciſe of his powers of diſappointment, and to be determined to give her no ſatisfaction at all about the matter.—No hints, nor inſinuations from his wife, nor no "pray ſirs" to *Philo* about whether he had been at ſuch a place, or ſuch a place, would do with the *ſquire*; he was ſure to croſs-queſtion our *hero*, and to take him entirely out

of her hands, before ſhe could come at any intelligence; and as *Philo* grew the more an intereſting object with her, the more ſhe obſerved him, ſhe was ready to cuff the *ſquire*, in her heart, and to curſe his waggiſh tricks, that had led him into this frolick to plague her.—She began ſeriouſly to think herſelf inſulted that our *hero* was not introduced to her in form, and his *name* and *quality* announced on his entering the dining room. Her curioſity intereſted her paſſions ſo much in this mighty affair, that before two glaſſes of wine were drank, after the cloth was drawn, ſhe could not con ain her vexation any longer, but, with a face all crimſoned to the tip of her ears, ſhe took the trembling *Delia* by the hand, and flew out of the room in a perfect rage, but without uttering a ſyllable.—The *ſquire* having now gained a complete victory, in making his wife angry about nothing, burſt into a loud laugh—but the *curate*, fearing

family

family evils might enſue, looked very grave, and begged the *ſquire*'s permiſſion, in a whiſper, to go and pacify the lady, and to give her the ſo much deſired information.—This the *ſquire* as readily agreed to, as he had at firſt run into the jeſt; for now that it was over, he was as eager to repair the damages which the effects of it had brought about, as he would be immediately to produce another prank, and to ſet his houſe in an uproar upon a freſh frolick.

It muſt be recollected that in a country place, like the preſent, the viſit of a ſtranger of our *hero*'s complexion, is a very notable event, and enough, under the like evils which the *ſquire* had miſchievouſly ſet to work, to create worſe diſturbances among the ladies of a country family, than are likely to be the conſequence of the caſe in point. As to *Philo* he had been ſo rapt up all

this while, with ſome preſſing ideas that forced themſelves upon him, he knew not why, about the delightful *Delia*, that all the preceding buſtle, which had paſſed in dumb ſhow amongſt the family he had been dining with, made no impreſſion upon his mind, and he anſwered queſtions, as they were put to him, and ſpoke of indifferent things, as they caſually occurred, with the ſimplicity of a child that had got a new rattle to amuſe itſelf withal, and which had engaged its whole heart and attention.

The object of our *hero*'s thoughts at this time was of that kind of beauty, which, to an exact ſymmetry of form and features, is added, by the moſt learned maſters in the art of female perfection, the term DESIRABLE, and without which, they ſay, the moſt finiſhed figure, for a regularity of all the outlines of beauty, will never compenſate; but with this intereſting quality, *plainneſs*

neſs itſelf, they ſay, may be ſometimes reconciled, and will frequently bear away the palm of preference among the "beſt judges" againſt the whole artillery of the brighteſt eyes that are not enlightend by a ray of this infatuating property.

If the learned mean by all this, what is uſually ſtyled SENSIBILITY, *Delia* poſſeſſed the quality in the higheſt perfection; for in her glances at *Philo*, during dinner, which were rather too frequent, her eyes told ſuch tales, and the fine ſtrokes of nature were ſo ſtrongly marked in them, that a woman of much leſs diſcernment than her mother, would at once have ſeen what was the matter, and have taken ſome ſteps to prevent the riſing miſchief, had not her attention been engaged upon the ſtranger, but more eſpecially upon her huſband's wanton and perverſe humour at table, until ſhe was obliged to eſcape

from the room in a hurry, in order to prevent herſelf from ſaying or doing ſomething improper.

Delia had every mark of that vivacity of expreſſion in her whole manner, but particularly in her eyes, that renders a lady the moſt intereſting object in the world, and the *wiſhes* and *deſires* attended her as naturally as her ſhadow. Her looks were ſo ſweetly diverſified, upon every different ſenſation of her heart, and ſo very pointed and emphatical, that it was well for her that ſhe eſcaped obſervation at dinner, but from him who was too great a novice to underſtand their meaning, though he felt the woful effects of their fire.

If the *ſquire* had not been engaged in one of thoſe freaks during dinner which, from a merry turn in his diſpoſition, he valued above every other conſideration, and for the enjoyment of

of which he would at any time ſacrifice the momentary peace of his family and his friends, he had too much quickneſs of penetration about him not to have diſcovered the ſympathetic ſtruggles that manifeſtly appeared to actuate the minds of his gueſt and daughter; and the *curate*, alſo, had he been at leiſure to make any obſervations concerning the young people, would readily have concluded that there was ſomething in their joint emotions too particular to be paſſed over without a ſerious comment —but the diſturbance above-mentioned, totally precluded the diſcovery, and the *curate* returned into the dining room with an account that the ladies, on a pre-engagement, were going to a tea party ſome miles off, that the mother, having been informed of the gentleman's character, ſhould be glad to wait on him whenever he ſhould chuſe to make a longer viſit, and that ſhe was very ſorry the extreme haſte, which ſhe underſtood

underſtood he was in to proceed upon his preſent purſuits, prevented her having the immediate opportunity to ſhow him every civility which he merited.

This kind conceſſion on the part of his wife, brightened up the *ſquire*'s eyes, while he told our *hero* of all her good qualities, and that bating an haſty trick of humour ſhe had got, there was not a better woman in the country. He ſaid, to be ſure, he gave her frequent cauſe of irritation, and that it would be more for her own peace of mind if ſhe poſſeſſed the virtue of patience in a higher degree—but, ſaid he, "I love my joke, and will be merry—ſhe knows my humour well enough, and whatever croſs-purpoſes may happen between us during the day, we are ſure to make them up at night."—He ſaid all this and a great deal more, and ſeemingly with an intention to ſoften any injurious remarks which our *hero*, God bleſs him!

him! might have made upon the abruptneſs of his wife's retreat from the room, and his own petulance and perverſneſs which was the occaſion of it, while *Philo*, poor fellow, had been ſo abſorpt in quite another affair, that he did not at this very inſtant know what the *ſquire* was talking about, but was as abſent upon this occaſion, as a mathematician among a flock of geeſe.

The *ſquire* ſoon perceiving the inattention of his gueſt to his family affairs, attributed the cauſe of it to his former eagerneſs to get away and proceed upon his *ramble*; he therefore turned the converſation to that buſineſs.—He told our *hero* that he had employed himſelf in the morning, while the *curate* went to conduct him to his houſe, in writing ſome letters of recommendation to a few gentlemen of his acquaintance, who lived at or near the towns he meant to viſit, which, he apprehended, would be

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of uſe to him, and that they were entirely at his ſervice.—The *curate* begged leave, alſo, to acquaint him of a circumſtance relating to the town he was going to that afternoon, which would be peculiarly beneficial to him, on his firſt advance among the public ſcenes of life.—He informed our *hero* that there reſided in that town a number of elderly gentlemen, who had ſettled there for the convenience of cheap living, and who, from their having formerly been much in the world, and having met with many diſappointments, would be the beſt tutors that could be deviſed for a young perſon juſt ſtarting out of obſcurity, who was ſo perfectly unacquainted with mankind as he had profeſſed himſelf to be. He ſaid there was not a man among them who was a ſynic or a miſanthrope, notwithſtanding their diſappointments through life, but that they were all entirely reſigned to their fate, and as ready as their enemies

to

to charge their preſent narrow circumſtances to their own improvident proceedings in their former days. He preſſed our *hero* to put into his pocket a letter which he had written to *Mr. Napkin*, an honeſt, civil, company-keeping draper of the place, who would furniſh him with good board and lodging as long as he ſhould chuſe to ſtay, and introduce him to the evening clubs of the above-mentioned ſet of what might be juſtly ſtyled experimental philoſophers; from whoſe hiſtory, converſation, and remarks, he could not fail of meeting with as much entertainment as inſtruction.

Philo received a ſmall packet of letters which the *ſquire* put into his hands, together with that from the *curate* to *Mr. Napkin* the draper, very thankfully, and ſaid he would endeavour to profit as much as it was in his power by their joint aſſiſtance and advice.—Perceiving his

his man *Sturdy* had prepared himſelf to attend on him, according to the orders he had given him in the morning, he took his leave of the hoſpitable *ſquire*, and the good-tempered *curate*, in a manner that became a young gentleman of a grateful heart, and one that was at this time under the influence of a certain *blind whelp*, who had been as full of miſchief, during the day, as the *ſquire*, and, among others of his wanton tricks, had given our *rambler* a moſt *cruel* ſtab in the moſt *tender* part of his frame.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

PHILO PROCEEDS UPON HIS RAMBLE—HIS DEJECTED RUMINATIONS.

PHILO left the *ſquire*'s houſe with a heavy heart.—His extraordinary delicacy and tender feelings had never, in his retirement with his parents and his friend the parſon, been put to the teſt of any material agitation, or diſturbance.—But he had, in the occurrences only, of his firſt day's walk from home, met with ſuch appearances to the diſadvantage, as *he* thought them, of his fellow creatures, in the wanton exerciſe of their cruelties upon the dumb and friendleſs part of the works of God, merely for their ſport and recreation, that he could not reconcile

to

to his benevolent notions, and theſe conſiderations preſſed upon him, and troubled his mind afreſh.—He began to ſicken exceedingly at his future proſpects, and to compare the long peace of mind which he had enjoyed, without the ſmalleſt interruption, for ſo many years at his hamlet, to the preſent commotions within his breaſt, and wondered that there ſhould be, in ſo ſhort a time, ſuch an amazing alteration in his ſoul. —All thoſe emotions, as they had ſtruck him the preceding day, concerning the *cruelty* of the *angler* and the *hare-hunter*, came over his mind with a redoubled weight of conviction that he was perfectly right, notwithſtanding any thing that had been ſaid to the contrary; but he knew not at the time he was making theſe concluſions, that they had received this additional power of conviction, within his breaſt, from a much ſofter train of impreſſions, if poſſible, than any that had ever lodged there before,

before, and that the preſent ſuggeſtions, and newly acquired ſtrengtheners of his former opinions, were at this moment derived from the very recent and ſudden attack upon his tender affections, which he had ſuſtained from the full diſplay of all thoſe delightful paſſions, in the bewitching eyes of the *ſquire's* daughter *Delia*.

Added to his original ſoftneſs of heart, which was of itſelf (as the reader muſt have obſerved) quite ſufficient to cauſe him, upon the moſt trifling appearance of inhumanity offered to a fly, or a worm, to ſhrink and ſhudder at it, with the ſame degree of concern and indignation, that a fond mother would ſtand by, and behold her helpleſs infant flogged for the amuſement of a blockhead, our *hero* now felt within his ardent boſom, a freſh and more animating motive for the exerciſe of his beloved delicacy of ſentiments, in the

ſoft impreſſions which he had imbibed from the ſweet looks, and ſympathetic manners, of the delightful *Delia*; and which, at this time, recalled, with ſuper-added force, all his wonted opinions relative to the godlike emanations of goodneſs and benevolence that, *he* thought ſhould ſpontaneouſly flow from a *human* being, not only to his own ſpecies in diſtreſs, but to all the ſubordinate animals of the creation, as far as it was conſiſtent with his convenience and ſafety.

Compaſſion and *love*, which the learned ſay are ſo nearly allied to each other, took their turns in the preſent meditations of *Philo*, but as he did not himſelf know by what name to call the ſenſations which he felt, when the image of *Delia* preſented itſelf to his imagination, he could only find that they exactly coincided with his ſenſibility of ſoul, upon the trifling occurrences

of the preceding day, and that they had, at this moment, entirely confirmed him in his primary principles of univerſal kindneſs, notwithſtanding the contemptuous inattention of the *angler* to his remonſtrance, and the very reſpectful pains which the *ſquire* and the *curate* had taken to laugh him out of his prejudices.

If *love* tends to *ſoften* the manners of the rougher ſex, it is no wonder that the firſt approaches of the paſſion ſhould turn the mind of *Philo* to thoſe inſtances of inhumanity which had ſo recently hurt him ſo much, and that he ſhould be impelled, by the ſweet and tender feelings fluttering about his heart, to look back with additional horror upon the *cruelty* of the *worm-teaſer* and the *hare-hunter*.

It muſt be obſerved, with reſpect to the diverſions which are ſo common among

among the moſt *inoffenſive* people in life, our *hunters* and *fiſhermen*, that our *hero* had never been led, by habits from his cradle, to follow the practices of the multitude, as it were by preſcription, and without examining their tendency—that he had never ſeen a fly killed wantonly—and that, conſequently, every trifling ſymptom of barbarity, ſuch as torturing a worm, hunting a hare, fighting a cock, or baiting a bull, which paſſes current in the world, as moſt excellent ſport for the ſons of men, muſt ſtrike our rambler, as a new ſcene of amuſements and delights, which, in his ruminations upon the ſubject, that were now excited by the moſt tender of all the paſſions, he muſt feel, of courſe, exceeding ſtrong propenſities in his heart, utterly to condemn.

Philo is a whimſical character, and, as ſuch, he is offered to the peruſer of his *ramble*; but as his particularities

are

are in part derived from the ſimplicity of his education, and the obſcurity in which he had lived all his former days, it may be poſſible, that, in his future progreſs in the world, he may learn to laugh at his darling prejudices as heartily as they may now excite ridicule in others, and that he may become as ſtaunch a friend to all the different modes of pleaſure, when he gets more among mankind, as the moſt lazy, unthinking, eaſily led-away, mortal upon earth.

Suffice it, for the preſent, that ſuch were the ſtruggles in his mind, upon theſe things, after he had left the *ſquire*'s houſe, that *Sturdy* could not get a word from him for two or three miles together, except, now and then, conciſe commands to him to take care of the road.

But as novelty, change of ſituation, and circumſtances, are the beſt friends to paſt grievances, and ſerve as mighty auxiliaries in favour of a loſt caſe, chaſing away thoſe melancholy ideas that hang upon the mind like iſicles upon a penthouſe at the heel of a black froſt, until the ſun, with his all-chearing rays, diſſolves the peſtilence, and nothing is ſeen but a bright ſky, and a ſerene atmoſphere, ſo, and in like manner, it happened with *Philo*.—He, like the blooming month of May, the time he had left his home, and which agreed with his youth and ardour, had ſeverely felt, on his firſt outſet, the effects of blights, and caſual ſtorms, and mildews, which had ruffled, but not deſtroyed, his powers.—His reſources were as manifold as thoſe which actuate the young ſeaſon of the year, and which, in deſpite of all the gloomy appendages that ſometimes wait upon the firſt dawn

of ſummer, and ſeem to threaten a total check to its renovating force, the fine efficacy of the firſt efforts of nature are ſo ſtrong, that the pointed ſhafts of malignant vapours thrown in her way, ſerve only to prove her vigour.

Happy is it for the youthful time of life that it coincides with the ſpring of the year, otherwiſe it would be impoſſible for us to reach the vale of our days, without ſinking into deſpondence and diſmay.—Thrice happy is it that potent evils are chaſed away as chaff before the wind, in the bloom and luſtihood of our time, or who could live to ſee the end of ſo many croſſes, diſappointments, plagues, and mortifications, that are incident to man, and which, from the very bent and turn of his paſſions, would cover him, before half his days were over, with the melancholy ſhades of deſpair? but the *vigour* of youth brightens up the proſ-

pect after every cloud, and ſtands the teſt of innumerable diſaſters, before it finds that all this mighty world, and every thing in it, is a diſtempered dream, tending to no purpoſes that man can divine, and produced by HIM who has choſen to keep, from human penetration, ALL HIS WAYS A SECRET.

Thus, and juſt ſo, was it with our *hero*. He had felt the effects of his diſappointments, on his firſt entrance into this buſtling world, more than, perhaps, would, in ſuch circumſtances, have fallen to the ſhare of any young man beſides himſelf; but ſtill, though he had been deeply impreſſed with them, the impreſſion which they had made, ſoon became effaced by the freſh ſcenes and views that now offered themſelves for his contemplation; and all his former evils, and every conſideration about them, vaniſhed among the cultivated grounds, beautiful villas,

and

and riſing hopes, that engaged his attention, and left no retroſpective plague behind him, but, now and then, a ſlight palpitation at his heart, which *Delia* forced upon him.

He was beginning to look about him, like one recovered from a trance, when *Sturdy*, obſerving the change in his maſter's deportment, took the liberty to ſay how fine the country was, and how different from that which they had paſſed the day before.

Philo, with much vivacity in his countenance, agreed with his man, that all was very fine, and that, as every thing about him now carried the appearance of cultivation and refinement, he doubted not, he ſaid, but he ſhould find the manners of the people, with whom he was ſoon to mix, to bear a perfect reſemblance to the charming ſcenes before him, and that he had left

ruſticity and *ſavage* delights among the woods and brakes behind him.

"I hope you will find it ſo," replied *Sturdy*, "but our *hoſteſs*, at the inn, who is a very good woman, I aſſure you, and one that knows the world and its wickedneſs, is mainly fearful that, as you are ſo open and generous, ſhe ſays, and one, ſhe perceives, that has not been uſed to the tricks that people put upon travellers, but eſpecially upon thoſe, like yourſelf, who are not over-careful and wary, you will meet with many impoſitions in your *ramble*. —She gave me a leſſon, laſt night, for two hours together, about you, after you were gone to bed, and preſſed her arguments ſo home to me, that I could not help loving her heartily for her pains.—I produced as ſtrong and as many arguments in my turn, to convince her how much I was obliged to her for her reſpect for you, as I could poſſibly

poſſibly produce.—I exactly agreed with her, that you would ſtand in need of many cautions, you were ſo unſuſpecting a perſon, and begged her to acquaint me how I ſhould behave myſelf ſo that I might be a means of preventing any harm befalling you.—She anſwered me, with her eyes brimful of good-nature, and with much ſeeming ſatisfaction with my arguments, that ſhe had already taken the precaution to put down in a ſmall memorandum book, which ſhe gave me, the names of the beſt inns in thoſe towns which I had informed her before, you meant to paſs through in your *ramble*; and ſaid, that if I would mention her name to the landlords or landladies, and the qualities and virtues of my maſter, meaning you, ſir, they would ſee you taken very good care of, and never attempt to cheat you of a farthing, nor ſuffer any body elſe to impoſe upon you, if they could prevent it."

"Well," ſaid *Philo*, "I thank thee, *Thomas*, for thy honeſt watchfulneſs concerning me and my affairs, and as I have not thought about the inn I muſt put up at, for this night, I hope you have one ready for me in your catalogue."

"That I have," ſaid *Sturdy*, "and a very good one our *hoſteſs* aſſures me it is, and ſhe did it in ſuch a loving manner, that if all the landladies we meet with were but half ſo kind to *you*, as ſhe was to *me*, we ſhould have a *rare* time of it.

"It gives me great joy," ſaid *Philo*, "that thou haſt ſped ſo well, and ſpent thy time ſo happily; for whatever, *Thomas*, may befall me, and however I may be croſſed, perplexed, and diſappointed, in the felicity I hoped to meet with in my *ramble*, it will always be a pleaſing conſolation to me to hear thee

recount

recount thy own particular tranſports; and that they may ever keep pace with thoſe which thou haſt already experienced, is my moſt ardent wiſh and deſire."

Sturdy, not knowing that the deſcription of his felicity had turned the thoughts of his maſter back upon his own troubles, and that it was the ſudden ſtart of thoſe reflections, in a comparative view of his mafter's rejoicings, which produced from the goodneſs of his heart, the melancholy, but kind wiſhes for his ſervant's happineſs, ſtood motionleſs for a while, and gazed at our *hero*, but being unable to utter the grateful feelings that were ſtruggling within his breaſt, he ſuffered them to take their own way, and ſilently let them dilate his honeſt cheſt, riſe in his throat, and expel themſelves through his eyes.

Sturdy being thus ſtruck dumb by the effects of his lively ſenſe of his maſter's goodneſs, and our *hero*'s mind being exerciſed by a ſucceſſion of freſh objects, which chaſed away all other conſiderations, little paſſed between them, until they arrived at the market town, in which they were to make their firſt eſſay among the multitude. *Sturdy* officiouſly preceding his maſter along the ſtreets, ſoon, by his inquiries, conducted him to his inn, where he met with a very plauſible reception from the landlord, who, with many civil expreſſions, took him into a front parlour, but retired rather precipitately, to hear the remainder of *Sturdy*'s account of our *hero*, which the honeſt fellow was ſo eager to relate for the benefit of his maſter, that he began his ſtory the moment he entered the houſe, without thinking of the impropriety of his conduct; ſo violently had the late inſtance of *Philo*'s reſpect for him operated upon his

his imagination, that his whole powers were exerciſed in a ridiculous diſplay of unneceſſary aſſiduity and attention.

Philo no ſooner found himſelf alone, and at a ſtill farther diſtance from home, where he was to encounter utter ſtrangers, than he began to feel the abſolute neceſſity of his letters of recommendation, particularly that from the *curate* to *Mr. Napkin* the draper, as without it he perceived he ſhould have been at a loſs how to introduce himſelf to the inhabitants of the town at which he had arrived. He, therefore, thought it meet to ſend the *curate*'s letter to *Mr. Napkin* immediately, it being no farther advanced in the evening than half an hour paſt ſeven o'clock.—He rang the bell for the waiter, and diſpatched this doer of all kinds of gentlemen traveller's buſineſs with the letter to the aforeſaid vender of commodities. Not long after this emiſſary was gone to *Mr. Napkin*'s,

Sturdy came to aſk for his maſter's commands. He was telling a terrible ſtory, which he had heard from an abuſive *cynic* in the kitchen, of the dreadful impudence of the town's-people towards ſtrangers (the which ſtory *Thomas* was, at this time, in a very apt diſpoſition to ſwallow) when the *draper* entered the room, and advanced towards our *rambler*, rubbing his hands, and poking his head, in an odd kind of way, as a gentleman, but in a manner which the curious reader may poſſibly have obſerved among many of his fraternity, when they addreſs their cuſtomers in a bleak ſhop, and a nipping froſt, and from whence they acquire the habit of this kind of manual friction, upon all extraordinary occaſions, either in or out of ſeaſon.—*Sturdy*, who had never recollected ſuch a mode of addreſs, from a civilized perſon, and having been prepoſſeſſed by the *cynic* with horrid ideas of the town's-people, miſtook the atti-

tude of the *draper*, which, of itſelf, meant civility in the extreme, for the approach of a *boxer*, and being determined to bear the whole brunt of this audacious antagoniſt, he ſtept before *Philo*, and, ſpitting upon the palm of his hands, and rubbing and clinching his fiſts, in the manner of a *Broughtonian*, he ſtood in a very formidable poſture of defence, to the utter confuſion of the *draper*, and the extreme amazement of our *hero*.

Juſt at this whimſical criſis, the landlord's daughter, a pretty girl of about fifteen years of age, made her appearance, in her beſt bib and tucker, to inquire what the gentleman might want; when ſeeing the warlike poſition of *Sturdy*, and the apparent danger of her neighbour the *draper*, ſhe ran to her mother in the bar, and, almoſt ſuffocated with her fears, ſhe haſtily called out (having heard only the chriſtian name

name of *Sturdy*) "mother! mother! the gentleman's *man Thomas*, yonder in the parlour, has frightened me out of my wits—and poor Mr. ——

"What the plague does the child mean?" cried the mother, interrupting her daughter, and ruſhing out of the bar, and preſenting in the parlour, another ſtriking figure of aſtoniſhment.

She found there *Mr. Napkin*, in the moſt ſubmiſſive guiſe imaginable, declaring, as God was his judge, that he meant no harm to our *hero*, but that he came to wait on him, in conſequence of a letter he had received from his good friend the *curate* of ——. She perceived the gentleman's *man Thomas*, that had alarmed her ſo much, retiring to a corner, quite confounded and abaſhed; and heard *Philo*, with all the concern that the goodneſs of his heart could dictate to him, upon this ludi-

crous

crous occaſion, making every apology in his power for the rudeneſs of his ſervant.

The landlady thus having catched from the confuſed aſſertions of the parties concerned ſufficient information, that what had happened among them was of no conſequence to her or her daughter, civilly begged pardon for her haſty intruſion; which ſhe received, with the much more ſatisfactory reward for her officiouſneſs, in *Philo*'s directions for a good ſupper for himſelf and the draper; while poor *Thomas Sturdy*, quite chapfaln at his groſs miſtake, retired into the kitchen, to ruminate upon the ridiculous diſturbance he had made.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

A LUDICROUS MISREPRESENTATION.

ALL good people, converſant in the ways of the world, and well knowing from what ſlight cauſes the moſt momentous effects frequently enſue, will not think it a fiction, which the fidelity of the writer of the *ramble* of *Philo*, and his *man Sturdy*, obliges him to relate, when he declares, upon the veracity of an hiſtorian, that, however improbable it may appear to the incredulous, yet it did ſo happen, upon this very trifling occaſion, that the moſt innocent young man in the world, from the miſtaken zeal of the moſt honeſt ſervant upon earth, and from the moſt unaccountable

unaccountable miſconſtruction of ſome neighbouring ſervant wenches, who were paſſing by, in their acceptance of the meaning of the ſudden declaration of the daughter to the mother in the bar (which they over-heard) reſpecting *Sturdy*'s terrific reception of the draper, was inſtantaneouſly miſrepreſented through the neighbourhood as a character "too bad for bad report;" and ſuch was the celerity with which this report ſpread itſelf, among the people of the town, that nothing but the univerſal complaint of the prepoſterous influence of ſcandal, and with what rapidity this atrocious fiend runs her ſucceſsful race to the very confines of the globe, blaſting reputation and character as wantonly as the envious torrent deſtroys the faireſt productions of the vales in its courſe, can warrant the amazing aſſertion, which for the ſake of truth we are obliged to make, that

before

before the *draper*, and our *hero* had peaceably ſupped together, and at the time they had forgot the incident in queſtion, the gentleman's *man Thomas* was the whole talk of all the females in the place, and the baſhful and modeſt *Philo* was reprobated in every polite circle of chitchat, for the evening, as the moſt *impudent* young man under the heavens!

During theſe abſurd tranſactions our *hero* and his *gueſt* ſpent their time together in a very cordial manner; little imagining indeed, that either of them could afford the town matter ſufficient for any animadverſions, but eſpecially on the ſcore of *indelicacy*, the *draper*, himſelf, being a very *modeſt* man.

Philo found this perſon's behaviour ſo congenial with his own feelings, in reſpect

reſpect to decorum of deportment, that, without heſitation, he ſtamped upon him every other virtue, and took lodgings at his houſe, and ſlept there this night, under the benign influence of the moſt comfortable reflections, and the pleaſing proſpect of happineſs and enjoyments among his fellow creatures beyond the powers of the pen to deſcribe.

Before he came down the next morning, *Mr. Napkin*'s ſhop was crouded with his fair cuſtomers, who came in groupes to inquire after our *hero*; the report of the *draper*'s being in his company the preceding evening, having ſpread itſelf the next morning, as ſpeedily as all the other accounts concerning him.

The reader will readily conclude, that the *draper* ſoon ſatisfied the ladies, and their curioſity, with the ſimple detail

detail of the fact in queſtion; and that the above ridiculous rumour about *Philo* and his *man Thomas*, vaniſhed into the *ſhades* of oblivion, almoſt as faſt as it had been brought into the *glare* of a peculiarly nonſenſical *miſrepreſentation*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

A COUNTRY TOWN—PHILO's EMBARRASSMENT—AN EVENING CLUB.

THE place to which our *hero* had now advanced in the courſe of his ramble, was a neat market town, prettily ſituated, and inhabited by people of ſmall fortunes, who lived the life of *gentlefolks*; and who were wonderfully addicted to make the moſt minute inquiries into each others' conduct and affairs, and to comment upon them not much to the advantage of their neighbours.—There was no trade or manufactory carried on, except the local buſineſs of ſhopkeepers, nor any intercourſe with the world ſufficient to enable them to judge properly of diſtant objects;

jects; so that their whole time was employed in finding out faults and imperfections among themselves, and in gaping for news and strange stories, or any thing which had the appearance of amazement.——From this avidity of inquiry, without the powers of investigation, they frequently fell a prey, as all your idlers do, and as it was exemplified in the last chapter, to the grossest impositions and mistakes.

Among these people resided a set of gentlemen, who had retired from the world, and who were too wise to enter into the cabals and fooleries of the place, but spent their mornings in useful studies or exercise, and their evenings at the tavern.—These were the gentlemen whom the *curate* recommended to our *hero*, as exceeding proper persons for him to get acquainted with, and who were so far from being churlish in their behaviour, or retired over their nocturnal

nocturnal potations, that they were glad to have in their company viſiters of every deſcription, who paid them that reſpect which was due to their age and abilities.

Philo, after having taken his breakfaſt with *Mr. Napkin*, took a ſtroll with him through the principal ſtreets of the town, and afforded, as he walked along, a great deal of matter for remarks among the people; the diſturbance which *Sturdy* had made the preceding evening, having elevated him into a perſonage generally heard of, and ſought after.—He was exceedingly embarraſſed with the croud of idlers that gathered about him, but particularly with the laugh that was raiſed upon him as he proceeded, in conſequence of the fooliſh ſtory of him which had been fabricated to his prejudice, although it was by this time univerſally known to have been a miſrepreſentation.—He frequently aſked

Mr.

Mr. Napkin what the people meant by ſtaring and pointing at him in ſuch a ſtrange manner, and whether there was any thing in his own appearance ſo preposterous as to give occaſion for ſuch rudeneſs and ill behaviour.

Mr. Napkin took every pains in his power to evade our *hero*'s inquiries, not chuſing to hurt his feelings any farther by a relation of the circumſtance which had given riſe to the curioſity of the town, to behold the man who was ſaid to have produced ſuch a daring mark of his proweſs and effrontery.

The good-natured *Mr. Napkin*, in conſequence of this ſad event, engaged the attention of the diſtreſſed *Philo*, as much as poſſible, to every object that was foreign to the ſpeculations of the people, and ſucceeded ſo far, by pointing out to him the prettieſt houſes and ſituations of the place, as to get him

home

home to dinner, too much bewildered in his mind to trouble his companion, or to make any thing of his morning's excurſion and its occurrences, but a confuſed medley of ſtrange appearances and adventures.——He ſat down to a fine joint of mutton with the draper, without knowing what he was about; and ſeemed ſo loſt to himſelf, and his preſent concerns at table, that *Mr. Napkin*, who had been informed by the *curate* of his character as a youth of the moſt refined ſenſibility, was quite ſorry for him; and, eſpecially, as he durſt not attempt to explain the real meaning of the comments of the croud through which he had, as it were, run the gantlet.

Philo, under the influence of his preſent diſtracted ruminations upon this occaſion, concluded at length that the inhabitants of the part of the earth he

had got into were compoſed of mad people, or that he, himſelf, carried ſtrong marks of inſanity about him, it being impoſſible for him, as he thought, to reconcile the buſtle his appearance had created in the ſtreets to any other cauſes.—He, conſequently, felt himſelf ſtill more and more unhappy as he advanced among mankind, and could not help adverting, in extreme diſquietude, to the peace and ſerenity of his mind in his own hamlet, together with the love and admiration of all around him, and the rational and inſtructive converſation of one of the beſt of men in the perſon of his friend the *parſon*.

He continued the whole afternoon in a ſtate of diſſatisfaction little ſhort of a reſolution to return immediately home, when *Mr. Napkin*, who had been engaged moſt of the time in his buſineſs, brought him a ray of comfort, in a

propoſal

propoſal to ſpend the evening with the old gentlemen, whom the *curate* had mentioned in his letter.

As a drowning man will catch at any twig in ſuch a deſperate caſe, ſo did our *hero* rouſe himſelf at the intimation of the draper. He prepared himſelf with great alacrity for this viſitation, and felt within his breaſt ſome tokens of that reviving renovation of hope and expectation for the beſt, which at his time of life ſo prolifically ſprings in the mind after every diſaſter or misfortune, when any freſh proſpect of alleviation or pleaſure offers itſelf, however vague and uncertain may be the iſſue.

At eight o'clock in the evening he went with *Mr. Napkin* to the King's-Arms, the inn he had ſupped at the night before, and where he had left *Thomas Sturdy* to take care of himſelf, with orders for him to wait at his

lodgings at certain hours during the day, and to be ready upon all extraordinary occaſions.—*Mr. Napkin* took our *hero* into a back, but comfortable parlour, where he found himſelf immediately among the very kind of perſons with whom he would wiſh to reſide; the civil draper having taken occaſion to inform moſt of the company, ſeparately, during the day, of *Philo*'s character and purſuits, together with his preſent diſturbance of mind, they, conſequently, received him in a very tender, humane, and ſocial manner.

It was the cuſtom with theſe gentlemen to eat and drink, in their nocturnal meetings, individually, every perſon calling for what he choſe, upon his own ſcore, each perſon to come and go when he liked, and no queſtions to be aſked why or wherefore; ſo that there was no reſtraint upon any body.

A ſmall

A ſmall room, adjoining to the ſitting parlour, was furniſhed with ſome decent cold remains, placed upon a *clean* tablecloth, to which thoſe that choſe to ſup in ſuch a way retired.

As *Philo* wiſhed to ſee every thing he could, he declined his ſupper at his lodgings, and ſoon after the firſt civilities were over, he joined Mr. Napkin in the participation of ſome cold lamb and a ſalad, and perceived himſelf to grow exceedingly happy and delighted with his entertainment, and the convivial and pleaſing urbanity of the old gentlemen, who joined him at the ſame table, and partook of ſuch viands with which it was furniſhed, as ſuited with their different appetites and circumſtances.

Philo, although he was now in ſuch a new ſcene of life, and in ſuch a hurry and tumult of ideas, as would of courſe

render a young man of his modeſty and inexperience incapable of making, on a ſudden, any diſtinct remarks of men and their manners, yet he could not help noticing the particular attention which moſt of the old gentlemen paid to œconomy, in their directions for their ſupper.—Some of them, he obſerved to eat nothing but what is called a *Welch rabbit*, for which they carefully put down *one penny*.—Others, he perceived, took a conſiderable portion of bread and butter, to which they added ſome young radiſhes, and for which they as cautiouſly laid down *their* penny, while a few, like himſelf and the draper, ſupped plentifully upon ſuch cold meat as they liked, with vegetables into the bargain, for the mighty ſum of *threepence*; ſo cheap were proviſions in this country, that in conſequence of it, as has been ſpecified in ſome former chapter, theſe gentlemen had retired here to make the moſt of a little; a plan which,

which, though they were in the decline of life, was, unfortunately, indiſpenſibly neceſſary for them to adopt.

After *Philo* and the *draper* had finiſhed their ſupper, and thoſe of the company, who had begun and ended their's at the ſame time (for this was a running fight of comers and goers at different periods) our hero was ſurprized to hear the old gentlemen, on their taking their ſeats in the drinking parlour, call for their penny cups of ale apiece; which were brought to the gueſts by a decent female ſervant, and placed upon little ſquare tables before each of them, with a ſtroke made with a bit of chalk by the handmaid, to denote that there ſhould be no impoſitions or miſtakes, with reſpect to the different reckonings, and to ſerve, as their cups and ſtrokes increaſed, as a *memento mori*, or, more properly ſpeaking, as a remembrancer, or putter in

mind of that cruel and deſtructive diſeaſe, the "conſumption of the purſe," which, as the ſublime Shakeſpeare ſaid, in the perſon of Sir John Falſtaff, "is incurable."

Upon the before-mentioned little ſquare tables were placed, in neat compartments, pipes of the *Braſeiy* make, which were, excluſive of their uſe and convenience to the ſmoking tribe, exceedingly well formed tubes for the ſpeculation of the curious, in their obſervations upon every production of the ingenious artiſt.

The old gentlemen immediately after having taken their places in the room, ſipped a modicum of their penny cups, and made ſome friendly inquiries after each others health and ſpirits, took each of them a pipe, and from their different tobacco boxes of very ancient and homely formation, they carefully filled the

the ſame, and began to look around them for ſome ſubject of converſation or remarks.

Our *hero* ſeeing the manners of his company, and aided by the inſtruction and example of the *draper*, who ſat by him, and kindly attended to all his motions, gave into the ſame way he ſaw other people do, called for his penny pot, filled his pipe out of *Mr. Napkin*'s box, and fell a ſmoking like a fury.

Some perſon accidentally mentioning the Roman hiſtory, a warm contention, for ſome time, took place among the old veterans, concerning *Julius Cæſar*, and the *conſpirators* who cruelly ſtabbed him in the capitol; and many well-placed and judicious remarks were made by ſome of them for and againſt that meaſure; although they one and all concluded that the conſequences to the empire did not warrant the ſtep taken, but proved to

be the immediate cauſe of that ſlavery to the Romans, which it was originally deſigned (by *Brutus* at leaſt) to prevent.

As an inſtance of the capricious turn which converſation takes, among the graveſt and wiſeſt heads, in a company of different characters, the mighty object of debate, the great *conqueror* of the world, and his ever to be lamented fate, gave place to the concerns of a mercer's *prentice*, who drew, as eaſily as his glove, the attention of the old gentlemen from *Julius Cæſar* to *himſelf*.

This was a forward young man, who, having a good-tempered *father* that allowed him pocket money in his juvenile days, and an indulgent *maſter* who ſuffered him to ſpend it in the way he liked, was not contented with the eaſe and happineſs of his ſituation and proſpects, but was deſirous of becoming a great man immediately; ſo that the name

name of *Julius Cæſar* brought upon him the paroxyſm of his diſeaſe, and he could not help diſcovering his complaint to the company.—He ſaid he did not like trade—that his inclinations led him entirely another way—that he wanted but one year of his time of prenticeſhip being expired—and that although his father would, with all his heart, ſettle him in a reſpectable way as a mercer and haberdaſher, yet he had not the leaſt doubt, but through ſome applications he had got made for him to a great man, he ſhould ſoon be a great man himſelf—that he did not like the thoughts of poring on in the ſhopkeeping buſineſs, which would only procure him a fortune to enjoy himſelf, *luxurioufly*, perhaps twenty years hence, when he ſhould feel no charms in the pleaſures of *women, wine, and fox-hunting*, which now, he ſaid, was the time for him to encounter; and although his father's intentions in his favour would, with his

own care and aſſiduity, obtain for him theſe things in future, yet he muſt languiſh without them for the preſent, and nothing would procure them immediately, but the proſpect he had in view of entering himſelf into the ſervice of the great man, to whom he had been recommended as a proper perſon to fill a poſt of ſhort duration for him, but which he was poſitive, he ſaid, would directly afterwards introduce him to other concerns for his lordſhip, that would make him rich and reſpectable at once.

One of the old gentlemen, who had liſtened very attentively to the young man's remarks, and aſſertions, took him up, with a gravity and pleaſantry in his manner, that commanded the attention of the whole company.

"Sir," ſaid old *Square Toes*, laying down his pipe, "you are not to think, at

at your time of life, of what you *like*, or what pleaſes you, or any thing about the matter, you being now no judge at all of *cauſes* and *effects*.—You muſt puſh forwards in the way that wiſer heads than your's have chalked out for you, if you mean to get on in the world.—Look at me, ſir," ſaid the old gentleman, "and you'll ſee an example of the truth of my doctrine.—I am a man, ſir, who live here upon a ſmall pittance which I poſſeſſed thirty years ago, and becauſe I did not *like* this and that *then*, in the manner you talk of, I have not advanced one inch of ground all theſe years; and *now* that I have the thoughts, and knowledge of my caſe, which I ſhould have liſtened to *then*, it is too late in life for me to put them in execution.—I ſpeak from painful experience, therefore ſtrike forwards, young man, in the way that you are ingrafted in; and though you may not grow rich in ſuch a hurry as you ſeem to deſire,

you

you will enſure a fortune in the courſe of a few years, and you will, likewiſe, find the age of forty, or fifty, an exceeding fine time of life to enjoy pleaſures, and true epicuriſm, much beyond, in real happineſs, to the feveriſh and unſteady purſuits of youth.

"I perceive, ſir, by your ſmiling," continued the old gentleman, "you *now* think that age is fit for nothing, becauſe the *wenches* will not look at a man ſo old as I am.—'Tis true the billing and cooing time of life is over with me, and I don't know that I have had an *ogle* from a *fair-one* theſe twenty years!—Yet I have ſince enjoyed as much as I deſired of the ſex, and that we will ſay is enough.—Other paſſions which come in the place of *Venus* and her *pranks*, drive away, at my age, the monkey *Cupid* and his *fooleries*; but as to the pleaſures of the bottle, I enjoy them, in the moderate way I am now drinking,

drinking, better than I ever did in the heat and voluptnouſneſs of former times; and, with reſpect to the exerciſe of hunting, I could, even at this day, go through the fatigues, and reliſh the ſports of the chaſe, as well as any young whelp in the kingdom, *if any body would lend me a horſe.*"

The good humour and pleaſantry with which theſe obſervations were made by the old gentleman, gained him the applauſe of the company, and every one declared he ſhould have a horſe the firſt day the hounds came into the neighbourhood, if money or intereſt could procure him one: but as this was only a flight from the generous feelings, when the heart is mellow and ſerene, which the old gentleman knew, from his knowledge of mankind, is heard of no more, he turned his thoughts to the young man who had engaged his attention at firſt, and who

ſeemed

ſeemed very deſirous to revive his claim to the propriety of his intentions reſpecting the patronage of the great man he had in view, notwithſtanding he had received ſo material a check to his overtures on that head.

He, very much like a young man, fond of gaity, and the grand reflections of being able to ſurprize the ſimpletons, in talking about a lord, and his concerns with him, moſt readily opened to the old gentleman his whole plan, and his vain and futile hopes, of aggrandizing himſelf in the purſuit of it.

The whole of the matter which the young man ſo eagerly preſſed upon the old gentleman for his approbation, was ſo puerile and nonſenſical, that the ſage veteran, in order to put a ſtop to his prating, deſired that he might tell him a ſtory concerning the *convenience of a looſe coat*.

The

The company having fallen into a profound silence at the above intimation, as, seemingly, greatly desirous to hear the old gentleman's history of the *convenience of a loose coat*, he, with a ludicrous composure of countenance, addressed himself to the *novice* in the following words.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

MANY CHARACTERS DESCRIBED—PHILO's DISTRESS.

"A *looſe coat*, like a *looſe conſcience*," ſaid the old gentleman to the *novice*, "hangs eaſy upon the ſhoulders; it gives an agreeable laſſitude to the body, as the other does a ſerene apathy to the ſoul; the wearer of both feels himſelf equally undiſturbed in his corporeal and mental operations, and gets rid of his *coat* and his *conſcience* with the ſame indifference and compoſure.—Free from all frictions of his frame and his mind, he liſtens to the clamours of the hungry, and the ſorrows of the indigent, as to a farce exhibited upon the ſtage for his amuſement. He withholds the lenient hand of comfort to merit in diſtreſs, without one pungent reflection,

and,

and, amidſt the fall and ruin of all around him, he is utterly unmoved, except by the ſelfiſh conſolation, that he is exempt from the miſeries of his fellow creatures.

"A *looſe coat* is put on and thrown aſide with the ſame eaſe as the wearer makes uſe of a *friend*, and ſhuffles him off when he has no farther need for his ſervices.

"It fits the body as commodiouſly as *looſe thoughts* do the mind, and the man of pleaſure ſhifts it off as lightly, and with as much unconcern, as he does an eaſy believing *fair-one*, whom he has debauched and is tired of.

"A great man makes uſe of his friends and adherents exactly in the ſame manner as he does a *looſe coat* or a *large* pair of breeches; he ſlips them off with wonderful compoſure of mind, when

when they have borne the heats and fatigues of the day, and never thinks of their ſervices but while they are in wear.

"*Simplicius* was a man, ſir, who lived about half a century ago, and who was in his youth exactly like you in his views; he left the regular line of his profeſſion *then*, juſt as you propoſe to do *now*; he ſtepped into the path which led him under the immediate eye of a great man; he executed the duties of his office with much aſſiduity and ſucceſs; he toiled and ſweat for the great man; he dined at his table, and was treated with politeneſs and attention; he thought himſelf happy to be ſo near the mighty, and fancied that nothing but bounty and benevolence could flow from their hands; he flattered himſelf that penury and want could never be the lot of one who ſat ſo familiarly by their ſide, and that in all the future

viciſſitudes

viciſſitudes of his life he ſhould never want a *friend*.—At length the buſineſs of the times being over that brought *Simplicius* under the eye of the great man, he loſt his office and his expectations at once; he modeſtly explained his unfortunate change of ſituation; he received the mortifying intimation that nothing could be done for him; and he retired into obſcurity, without a ſingle ray of hope to mitigate the pangs of diſappointment."

The young man to whom this ſtory of the *convenience of a looſe coat* was addreſſed, was ſilenced by it, but not convinced of his error; ſo prone are forward young men to deſpiſe advice, and every thing that thwarts their headſtrong paſſions.

But our *hero*, whoſe tender affections were ſo apt to be intereſted with any thing diſtreſsful, was exceedingly ſhocked

ed at ſuch ſtrange inattention of people of rank and great fortune.—He thought, he ſaid, that the moſt trifling ſervices done to them, by perſons of poor circumſtances, entitled the latter to *ſome countenance and regard afterwards*; and it raiſed his indignation, he ſaid, to think of a man's *ſweating* and *toiling* himſelf out of breath, and all to pleaſe and gratify the *vanity*, or, perhaps, *folly*, of theſe great folks, that he ſhould be *diſmiſſed* without the *ſmalleſt token of reſpect*, immediately after he becomes of no farther uſe to them.

"My dear ſir," replied the old gentleman, "I perceive, from your appearance, and the information I have received, concerning you, from *Mr. Napkin*, that you are not acquainted with the world, at preſent, and that you ſee every thing through the charming medium of the ſimplicity and goodneſs of your own heart; but when you ſhall

learn, by painful experience, more of mankind, and ſhall think it worth your while, or you ſhall have the opportunity, to ſcrutinize the conduct and manners of the great, of the *preſent times*, you will find, that the firſt principle of their education *now*, is to hide their own opinions and intentions behind the maſk of diſſimulation and hypocriſy—and inſtead of continually making promiſes and breaking them, they are taught to ſpeak fair to all degrees of men—to give hopes of protection, by looks and appearances only, to every body about them—but never to do any good, in this world, to any man but whilſt he is of uſe to them, either as a *tool*, a *ſycophant*, or a *ſlave*.

" The fundamental eſtabliſhment in the education of a man of rank, is to empower him to form a phalanx againſt the attacks of the finer feelings, and to enable him to throw *nature*, with all her impertinent

impertinent ſuggeſtions, to the dregs of mankind, as fitting only to be numbered among the fooliſh weakneſſes of the vulgar.

"*Subdolus*, ſir, is a fine gentleman—he is fraught with all the powers to pleaſe, to charm, and to raviſh the heart of man—he is formed in *nature*'s kindlieſt mould—he is ſteeped in her balmy eſſence—he is the legitimate offspring of the divineſt of her conceptions; yet, from the prevalency of cuſtom, and the narrow principles which he has imbibed from the manners of the great, he is a *dry*, *ſly*, and inſinuating courtier, a pander to the tricks of hypocriſy, a dupe to the falſe and unmanly motives of diſſimulation, and, while he poſitively feels for the misfortunes of others, he, in conformity to the education which he has received among his compeers of fortune, totally diſregards the operations of his own natural excitements, the emotions,

emotions, which he cannot help, of his own benign heart, and reſigns the object of his approbation and eſteem, to the cuffs and bruiſes of his fate, if that object cannot make an ample return for the benefits he wiſhes to have conferred upon him.

"To ſuch a height do the great carry theſe deſpicable precepts of their education into real life, that even *Subdolus*, whom *nature* ſeems to have taken all the pains imaginable to form with the moſt benign and the warmeſt heart, never exhibited one real token of the kind, except as a trap to catch butterflies, or to inſnare the unwary to ſome intereſted purpoſe of his own, or his connexions.

"*Subdolus* courts popularity, but not that ſtaring popularity which engages the multitude, but that ſober inſinuating attention to trifles, which lays faſt

hold of the cynic, the fool, and the philoſopher.

"He diſplays the ſweeteſt of manners, and the moſt concordant intimations of ſympathetic ardour. His delightful blandiſhments would win the prince of darkneſs himſelf, and make an arrant dolt and dupe of the original deceiver of mankind.——He does not make uſe of a ſign-painter's bruſh.—There are no groſs daubings which the boor might ſwallow, and take for ſterling praiſe; but the nicer touches of the pencil, thoſe maſter-ſtrokes of the artiſt, who has ſtudied and digeſted human nature, in all her different moods and tenſes, are the conſtant attendants upon *Subdolus*.——You ſee nothing ſtrained about him—no ſymptoms of the ſmalleſt deſign or deception;—every thing appears as the genuine emotions of a ſettled love and regard for you and your concerns, while, from the

potent

potent influence of a polite education, he would ſtand by you, as an indifferent ſpectator, if the arch-fiend had you by the neck, and was lugging you pell-mell to perdition.

" To the niceſt obſerver in the world, there might appear ſome flaſhes in his moſt penetrating eye, which, while he liſtens with the moſt flattering attention to your obſervations, ſeem to denote he perceives ſomething about you that is fooliſh and very reprehenſible, and as though he had a great deal of the *devil* in him; but his civility, and ſweet deportment, immediately chaſe away your ſuſpicions, and you will ever be concluding that he is the fineſt gentleman, and the moſt ſincere, and the beſt character in the age.

" Who muſt not grieve that the wretched apathy which is taught, as a

leading principle among the only men in the world, able to exerciſe to effect the heavenly virtues of benevolence, the great and opulent, ſhould ſpoil ſuch a man as *Subdolus*; that an attention to this leading principle ſhould harden the heart ſo capable of the ſofeſt impreſſions, that all his natural good will and complacency ſhould end in mere words and politeneſs, and that he ſhould with ſuch caution avoid going farther than the ſhow of benignity, when he poſſeſſes its very eſſence!

"What a pity is it that he ſhould exhibit, in ſo refined a manner, the ſemblance of all the virtues, and never exerciſe one of them in reality! Why ſhould he deſpiſe the ſociety of the gay, and the diſſipated, and ſeem to ſcorn the glare of oſtentation and parade, as the moſt ridiculous ſpecies of vanity imaginable, and yet turn his hours of ſolitude

tude and reflection to no purpoſes above the contemplations of the *muckworm* or the *miſanthrope!*—Why ſhould there be never ſeen in this pleaſant man any ſubſtantial tokens of friendſhip! Why ſhould he have the powers to diſplay all the apparatus of goodneſs, and never do any good! Why ſhould he cheat the world into a belief that he is the moſt godlike man in it, and never give it a ſpecimen by which mankind would be enabled to ſet the ſeal to his merit, and ſtamp it with the impreſſion that will laſt for ever! Why ſhould he, in fact, ſo accompliſhed, learned, and wiſe as he is, ſo capable of feeling the moſt exquiſite ſtrokes of ſenſibility, and the moſt delicate touches of the pathetic, *laugh* himſelf out of them all, but that it is the reigning faſhion among his fellow ſtudents of fortune, to do ſo, as the readieſt way to get rid of emotions, that might be a *trifling* charge upon their eſtates!"

Philo, from his own ſimple ideas, that it was impoſſible for ſo pathetic a turn of mind, and ſo good a heart, as *Subdolus* was deſcribed to poſſeſs, to be rendered by the habits of education as deaf to the calls of *nature*, as a wild beaſt is to the cries of his dying prey, began to think the old gentleman was bantering him, and he ventured to declare, that he could not bring himſelf to believe there was any ſuch a character as *Subdolus* in the world.

"O! ſir," ſaid the old gentleman, "ſetting aſide the character of *Subdolus*, and the inattention of the great to their dependants, when they have done with their ſervices, I ſhall ſurprize you ſtill more, while I advance nothing but real facts, in the following obſervations upon mankind in general.

"The *crime* only of being *poor*, or unſucceſsful in the world, wears an indelible

indelible ſtamp upon it, and is a fixed mark for contempt and ridicule to ſhoot their arrows at, while the *turpitude* of being *rich*, at the expence of all the *virtues* put together, loſes its *enormity* in the *glare* which ſurrounds it, and paſſes as current among mankind as ſterling wit, gold, or godlineſs.

"Although you will perceive a pleaſantry in the countenances of all denominations of men, upon every ſingular diſplay of godlike charity, when ſuch acts of kindneſs do not affect the pockets of the individuals ſo charmed, that proves there is ſomething of an innate principle of benevolence implanted in human nature, yet this divine emanation is totally effaced, or overwhelmed, among the generality of mankind, by that which I have advanced before, their inattention, their ſordid habits of life, or the prevalency of a narrow ſyſtem of education.

" The fine ſtrokes of diſtreſs—thoſe which are the moſt poignant and the beſt deſcribed—thoſe which wring the heart, and draw tears from the eye, as plentifully as the pure drops that flow from the cryſtal fountain—thoſe exquiſite touches of the pathetic which are to be met with in the moſt admired authors, and which raviſh the very ſoul of man, and ſeem to cry aloud among the deſerts, that he was formed with no other paſſions but the ſympathetic, the kind, and benevolent, all vaniſh, like a dream, when thoſe delightful emotions which he felt from the mere painting of diſtreſs, are called forth into a ſubſtantial exertion, and his purſe or his intereſt is at ſtake! How dead and deaf to all the calls of nature, are his feelings then! How totally diſregardful of all his former ſenſations! How like a hard-hearted monſter he looks! turning away his eyes from the veriеſt object of woe, and finding out a thouſand

excuſes

excuſes to ſave his money, and to get rid of the troubleſome attack!"

The old gentleman, ſeeing our *hero* ſtare at him with the utmoſt concern and aſtoniſhment, as not knowing what to ſay or to think, exclaimed, "my dear young gentleman, I aſſure you, and you will find it ſo throughout life, that there is not a poſition of the greateſt matter-of-fact philoſopher in the world, reſts itſelf upon a more ſolid baſis than what I have advanced upon this head; and that however eaſy a taſk it may be, to call forth the divine feelings of the human race, by the mere repreſentation of diſtreſs, it is a *monſtrous* difficult one, to draw thoſe feelings into real action, when the object of calamity preſents itſelf for poſitive and immediate relief.

"The rich and delightful *Sappho*, ſir, was a lady of the utmoſt apparent

ſenſibility, and a perſonage, thirty years ago, with whom I had the honour of being acquainted.—I went one night with her to the play of the *Merchant of Venice*—I remarked her all the time—I perceived her to be very attentive—I obſerved her to be all drowned in tears at the repreſentation of the miſeries and pendent fate of *Antonio*, who was on the eve of being butchered by the *Jew*, through the impoſſibility there ſeemed to be of his fulfilling his engagements with that monſter—I found, in that criſis of his fate, when *Portia* bids him prepare his boſom for the knife, my heroine to be ready to faint with apprehenſion, and I thought, from her appearance, ſhe would have given her whole fortune to have relieved the merchant from his diſtreſſed ſituation.—At the ſudden and intereſting turn which *Portia*'s explanation of the laws of Venice took immediately afterwards in favour of the *merchant*, and to the

ruin and utter confuſion of his ruthleſs proſecutor, no perſon in the houſe ſeemed to feel half ſo much pleaſure and ſatisfaction, as did my moſt delicious and truly accompliſhed companion—I attended her after the play was over to her own palace—I ſupped with her in elegance and plenty—I heard her repeat, over and over again, the raptures ſhe had felt at the relief which the honeſt merchant had obtained from the wit and generoſity of *Portia*, and in which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe thought Shakeſpeare had done particular honour to her own ſex.—In the midſt of theſe divine feelings, and when there was every motive ſtruggling within her breaſt to ſupport the claims of actual diſtreſs, ſhe, without the leaſt heſitation in the world, refuſed, in my preſence, the ſum of *one guinea*, to help to releaſe a poor honeſt induſtrious female habit-maker, out of the hands of the *catchpolls* for a debt which had been con-

tracted by her late huſband, who had killed himſelf by his extravagant and intemperate courſes of life."

The above extraordinary circumſtance, ſo very much bordering upon the marvellous, cauſed a general laugh through the room, and the old gentleman, while he was reſuming his pipe again, was hard put to it, to ward off the flings at him from every quarter upon this ſtory of his delightful *Sappho*, until another ſage veteran, who perceived the violent impreſſion which the ſtory had made upon the ſenſibility of our *hero*, exclaimed, and ſilenced the buzz in the room—"Come, come, I know that my neighbour here, although he is a ſevere cenſurer of manners, he poſſeſſes the beſt heart in the world, and I am ſure no perſon in this company, except that young gentleman," pointing to *Philo*, "will be better pleaſed with the philanthrophy and munificence of a very

very low bred character, which I will give you, as a contraſt to the narrow and unfriendly principles of the great, in the perſon of old *Dowlas* the linen-draper.——" This man, ſir," addreſſing himſelf to *Mr. Napkin*, " lived many years ago—he was an honour to your trade—I was perſonally acquainted with him, and will pledge my veracity for the truth of his hiſtory; although it may appear, perhaps, as extraordinary a one to the company, as my friend's ſtory of his delightful *Sappho*.

Here a general laugh took place again, which being over, the laſt ſpeaker proceeded as follows—

" *Dowlas* acquired, by an unremitting application to his trade, and the moſt ſcrupulous parſimony in his houſehold expences, a fortune that enabled him, in his decline of life, to retire from all worldly concerns, perfectly at his

his eaſe, and with enough to gratify the wiſhes of a perſon addicted to every ſpecies of vanity ſo prevalent among thoſe who are deſirous of making a figure in the croud.

" *Dowlas* never entered into the holy bands of matrimony, although he did at one time make an effort to that end, and walked one hundred miles after a fair-one, whom he had ſomewhere ſeen, and who from a glance out of one corner of her eye did ſtrike him ſo cruelly upon the pit of his ſtomach, that he fell into the ſad fits, qualms, and tribulations of love.

" *Dowlas*, not being uſed to extravagance of any kind, ſtarved himſelf upon the road, in order to begin his ſuit the right way; for he was told the ladies were gay, and fond of gaudes and ſhow, and ſuch-like, and, conſequently, that if he did not unſtring a little, and appear before

before the object of his wiſhes with ſome ſigns and tokens of liberality about him, he would loſe his labour, and be diſmiſſed at his firſt onſet. He, therefore, bought one of *Tompion*'s beſt, and, with a ſuitable equipage to it, he waited upon the damſel, who reſided in Cheapſide, London, and offered her his heart and his watch at the ſame time.—The chronicles ſay that the nymph accepted of the watch, but refuſed the heart, as alſo the body of the doner; and he returned, ſo much diſmayed and in the dumps about it, that he never afterwards made another attempt in the way of ſerious gallantry, but lived and died a bachelor.

" *Dowlas*, when he retired from buſineſs, did not take a fine houſe with a *ſuite* of ſervants, but contented himſelf with a lodging.—The habits of frugality, by which he had ſcraped together

ſuch

ſuch large poſſeſſions, pervaded every action reſpecting himſelf, and his perſonal expences, even unto his dying day.—The young men, juſt ſtarting into life and obſervation, could not, in their firſt efforts for the palm of wit, and ſhrewd remarks, make out the age of *Dowlas*'s periwig, nor whether it had ever been faſhioned by the hands of a barber; for it retained not the ſmalleſt veſtage of a curl, but hung down his neck like a ſunburnt fragment of hemp. —His coat, which was blue and long, ſeemed to have been preſerved in conſtant repair even from the days of his youth, for nobody could remember its origin.—Waiſtcoat and breeches he might have none, for they were never to be diſcerned, ſo completely did his coat obſtruct the reſearches of the curious.—His ſtockings were black, but well darned, and, upon the whole, he looked like the figure of rigid frugality

ſubſiſting upon a little, rather than the emblem of abſolute poverty and diſtreſs.

"When he took his lodgings he added a codicil to his will, bequeathing to his hoſt one hundred pounds in caſe he died in his houſe; but in the affairs of his board, &c. he was as careful of expence as an half-pay ſubaltern officer. —He was not more ſtrict, in what he paid for his viands, than in his care that nothing ſhould be waſted where he lived, and he would watch the people in the kitchen with as much attention as the moſt ſtingy and troubleſome houſewife in chriſtendom.—He was a perfect *cot*, and continually peeping into holes and corners, looking into the bread-baſkets, and obſerving whether there was any thing waſted among the offals.—He would ſit in the chimney nook, ſurvey the dripping-pan, and content himſelf with a ſop, of his own making,

making, or a meſs of pottage, prepared by his own hands. He was ever in the way of the ſervants, oftentimes ſaw their pranks, and rated them ſeverely upon every tranſgreſſion. He was a great ſtumbling block to the young gentlemen lodgers in their love matters; for he would ſee to the faſtening of the doors, and windows, and was frequently found in thoſe places where he was not wanted. He would ſtop a crevice, or ſplice a broken cord, with the ſame compoſure he would darn his hoſe, or repair a breach in his coat.—He would pick up the ſcattered pins, which the wenches loſt in romping, and he had always a large row of them ſtuck very curiouſly beneath the lining of his ſkirt, or under the cuff of his ſleeve.—He very rarely communed with the maſter or miſtreſs of the houſe, never made uſe of a parlour, and ſeldom was in his bedchamber, except to pray or to ſleep. He was particular in his devotions,

and

and uſed to get one of thoſe ſimple or cunning practitioners in the fanatical way, to read godly books with him, occaſionally. He tired all of them, except the laſt, who perſevered in groaning with him until his death, and to whom he left a very conſiderable fortune.

"*Dowlas*, with all theſe prejudices, and tokens of a mere muckworm, about him, lived to be the theme of gratulation and applauſe in a more extenſive degree than is the lot of any individual, not marked by a ſuperior excellence of talents, that ſurmounts the wolf-mouthed obſtacles of envy, of malice, and of ignorance; and he died lamented and revered, as a prodigy of bounty and benevolence, and the moſt extraordinary man that had ever appeared in the country where he reſided.

"It

"It ſeems that *Dowlas* was a twig of ſome ancient ſtock, although he acquired all he himſelf poſſeſſed by his own induſtry.—He had many relations, derived from ſome other branches of his pedigree; and to whom, in his life time, and while he, apparently, ſtarved himſelf, he gave many of his farms and eſtates, reſerving only, out of each of them, an annual ſtipend to prevent his falling into the ſad miſtakes and misfortunes of *old Lear*.

"Beſides giving his property away while he was alive, in ſuch large proportions to his relations, he frequently beſtowed a tenement, with its appurtenances, upon what he, himſelf, ſuppoſed to be a worthy man; and, from no other motive in the world, he would ſee to the putting of the premiſes in repair for him. He would daily attend the maſons and carpenters to prevent impoſitions;

impoſitions; and that he might not incur any extra perſonal expences while he was from home, he had always a cruſt of bread and cheeſe in his pocket, or ſome cold meat wrapt up in an old rag, juſt to ſatisfy the calls of nature.

"At the time he was thus giving an eſtate away to a ſtranger, he would lift up his hands in aſtoniſhment at the extravagance of other people.—He would rail moſt bitterly againſt the wanton diſplay of a ſplendid table, and wonder why, in the name of patience, the reſt of mankind, like himſelf, could not be content with ſpare diet and ſmall beer; and yet, as in compaſſion to the pampered notions of others, he would purchaſe the moſt dainty cates the markets afforded, and carry them in a clean old handkerchief, and preſent them to thoſe he took a fancy to, with all

all the gallantry of an ancient pander to the pleaſures of the luxurious.

"The vanities of dreſs, equipage, and the Whore of Babylon the plays, were ever his averſion, and arraigned by him with the tokens of the utmoſt contempt and abhorrence; but notwithſtanding this, he has been frequently known to buy the fineſt productions of art, as well as tickets even for the play, to gratify the high-flown taſte of perſons whom he wiſhed to ſerve in a more ſubſtantial way.

"He never walked the ſtreets of the town where he lived, and through which he perambulated ſeveral times a day, but it was remarked by every obſerver, that his right hand was conſtantly concealed under the ſkirt of his old blue coat, and, pendent therefrom, ſome preſent or other he was conveying,

ing, as if by ſtealth, to ſatisfy the appetites or vanities of the voluptuous or the well-dreſſed, or the cravings or neceſſities of the hungry or the naked, to whom he was as liberal as he was to himſelf rigid and parſimonious.

" The heart, hand, and purſe of this extraordinary man ſeemed always to be open to every body but himſelf; and while he was living upon the narroweſt principles of œconomy, with reſpect to his perſonal expences, he gave the great redundancy of his wealth, which his peculiar manners and thriftineſs had made ſtill more large, to different objects of his regard, during his life, and was not leſs munificent in gratifying the dainty appetites of others, to which he felt not the leaſt tendency in himſelf, than he was bountiful to the really neceſſitous and unfortunate.

" *Dowlas*

"*Dowlas* was never known to exhibit theſe amazing tokens of a liberal mind, under the leaſt ſemblance of an idea that might glance towards a return for his favours, but they, at all times, manifeſted themſelves, as the truly and genuine overflowings of a benign heart, fraught with the intrinſic principles of munificence.—Never, with his gifts, could be diſcerned the leaſt alloy—none of that curſed droſs, or thoſe dregs, which accompany the donations of the ſupercilious—neither pride, oſtentation, nor any of thoſe ſymptoms of ſuperiority, which attend moſt favours conferred, and render the receiver an abſolute debtor, and a poor devil, were ſeen in old *Dowlas*.—He gave an eſtate away, and there was an end of it—he preſented his diſh of cates, or his diamond ring, and nothing more was to be ſaid—he relieved twenty paupers without telling his neighbour of one of them;

them; and eat his own parſimonious allowance, drank his own ſmall beer, looked to the windows and the wenches, darned his black worſted hoſe, or mended his old blue coat, and went on in his uſual way at his lodgings, juſt as though he was doing nothing in the world but ſaving, and ſcraping, and heaping up riches, like an old and wretched miſer, who dotes upon his pelf, but never does any good with it, till he *dies* and *cannot help it*.

"The character of old *Dowlas*, were it to be inveſtigated by an adroit and ſerious commentator, might be ſubject to manifold inconveniencies, which it may not be amiſs to obviate, by the ſingle aſſertion, that he was certainly deſigned by *nature* for a *peer* of the *realm*. If nobleneſs of blood can be diſtinguiſhed by a current flowing with milk and honey, ſurely old *Dowlas* merited the title beyond the plauſibility

of a diſpute; and it cannot be queſtioned, if there is any thing fine and exquiſite in the compoſition of a lord, and which differs in any degree from the texture of a cobler, it muſt be ſeen in the tranſcendant ſtrokes of benignity, which through the dark veil and clouds that encompaſſed old *Dowlas*, ſhone forth as a mirror, reflecting the higheſt marks of honour upon the diſtinction: but as ſome lords would have made excellent linen-drapers, and *Dowlas* would have been a *monſtrous* good lord, and though it is the crueleſt thing in the world to ſuppoſe the ladies ever play falſe, either at *cards*, or the leſs ſerious game of *procreation*, yet it muſt be concluded, upon the whole of theſe premiſes, that there is no diſtinction at all in the matter, or that many of the nobles of the land are the iſſue of ſtock-jobbers, and old *Dowlas*, the linen-draper, ſprung from the loins, however it ſo happened, of a true bred ſon

of

of dignity, famed in the annals of *hoſpitality*, but by an overſight in the printers he never obtained a place in the *Court Kalendar*.

" There is a circumſtance or two which attended the few laſt years of his life, that will afford a very prevailing argument in favour of the laſt conjecture; for one day that he was conveying, like a thief who had ſtolen it, ſomething to give away to the poor, or a favourite, he was aſked by a celebrated gentleman, as remarkable for his wit and vivacity, as he was for the exerciſe of his talents in the ſervice of the public, " why he did not buy a new wig, and keep a girl, and live like a gentleman?" although he lifted up his hands, in token of his horror at the levity of this queſtion, yet he took the hint given him in it in the firſt inſtance; for he threw away his old lank-haired periwig, put on a ſtiff curled grizzle,

and appeared freſher and more gay and ſprightly afterwards, than he had ever done before; and had he lived another century, he might have got the better of all the prejudices, which long habits ſeemed to have made a neceſſary part of his exiſtence: he might have allowed himſelf the luxuries, which, without ſcruple, he furniſhed others with; he might have kept a good table at home, he might have kept a number of ſervants, nay, he might have kept a fine girl, as he was jocoſely adviſed to do, and have lived as much like a gentleman as any man of rank and fortune in his Majeſty's dominions now does; but he died ſoon after the purchaſe of his new periwig; and it is a *moot point*, with the caſuiſts, whether, if he had lived to have refined upon the principles of his adviſer, in the utmoſt extent and latitude of the words, and had become a finiſhed devotee to the *amiable* weakneſſes of the *beau-monde*, he would have made

made his exit from this ſtage of foppery and nonſenſe, into the manſions of eternity, with half the lamentations which attended his funeral, or have been remembered, honoured, and revered, as long as the tradition of the country, which he bleſſed by his munificence, will be enabled to preſerve the memory of any tranſactions diſtinguiſhed by their importance."

At the cloſe of this very long and particular account of old *Dowlas*, and his biographer's obſervations in conſequence of it, the old gentleman, who had favoured the company with the former ſtrictures upon the great and affluent, warmly contended that the laſt ſpeaker had bordered much more upon the marvellous than himſelf, "for there is not the leaſt doubt, in my mind," ſaid he, "that if the glare and outcry upon ſome inconſiſtent ſtrokes of his *hero*, who, generally, produced nothing

but the very dregs and drudgery of a *muckworm*, were to be probed to the bottom, and you ſhould diſcover the ſink in which thoſe ſtrokes had been nurtured, you would find, however ſtrange it may appear, that he certainly did theſe things for his own particular ends, and that, having more upon his hands than he was, in his old age, capable of managing, he let his concerns out to others, to ſhake off the burthen from himſelf, and to take, in return for the good things he gave away, a ſufficient portion of them at their tables, which he was of too narrow a ſoul to furniſh at his own.—There is no accounting," ſaid the old gentleman, " for the prepoſterous turn that an avaricious mind will take, to cheat itſelf into the enjoyment of what it dares not make uſe of on its own account, and I will be bound to prove that old *Dowlas* was as arrant a *curmugeon*, in principle, as ever exiſted, notwithſtanding the fine

eulogy which my neighbour here has beſtowed upon him."

The gentleman, who gave the company the hiſtory of old *Dowlas*, declared, poſitively, that he would not liſten to any theoretical diſquiſitions concerning his *hero*—that he had pledged himſelf for the truth of the account which he had given of him—that facts were facts, and very ſtubborn things they were—and that while he could prove from witneſſes innumerable, that *Dowlas* gave his property away in the manner he had deſcribed, he cared not a pin's point for his motives—that where there is good done, it is unfair to look any farther into it than the real fact in queſtion; ſince, by prying too cloſely into the ſpring of all human actions, you will ſtifle every *generous* effort, and reduce the attempts of mankind to ſignaliſe themſelves, like old *Dowlas*, in ſubſtantial acts of benevolence, to the

mean and low level of the cautious, and ſelf-ended views, of the great perſonages upon whom my old friend has been ſo ſatirical and ſevere."

An animated, but a very friendly diſpute took place among the veterans upon the conduct of old *Dowlas*; for others now breaking in upon the two laſt mentioned competitors, concerning him, gave a general turn to the argument about him; which, as in moſt general arguments, no preciſe meanings or concluſions are drawn, but that every matter in agitation ends in a kind of chaos of different opinions and ſentiments, ſo it happened here, till the affairs of old *Dowlas* ſubſided into that nothingneſs of controverſy which is the plague of ſociety.

As to our *hero*, he was now totally loſt in wonder and aſtoniſhment at the diverſity of the thoughts of the company,

pany, and that there ſhould be the leaſt doubt concerning the genuine benevolence of old *Dowlas*, or any body elſe who gave his property away in the manner he had done. He was vexed to the heart to find that good and actual deeds ſhould meet with declaimers againſt them, and began to conceive a worſe idea than ever of the old gentleman, who had been ſatirizing the nobility, and his abetters, who had helped him to throw ſuch ſevere ſarcaſms againſt the character of old *Dowlas*.—He concluded, that if theſe were the men worthy of the encomiums which had been paſt upon them by the *curate*, the world he was entering into muſt be a bad world indeed, ſince moſt of them ſeemed to addict themſelves entirely to ſatire; and ſo very prone were they to it, as it appeared to *Philo*, that they would not ſuffer the moſt exemplary character of old *Dowlas* to go off the ſtage without condemnation.

But *Philo* being young and inexperienced, and having all the "milk of human kind" in his compoſition, he muſt be excuſed for his private thoughts of his company, till he is farther initiated in theſe myſteries.

The preceding ſeverity of the veterans upon the opulent, may, in ſome meaſure, be accounted for from their diſappointments in the world, and the narrowneſs of their circumſtances; for though their former croſſes and vexations had not reduced them to captious and unmannerly cynics, and they now bore their afflictions with a good grace, yet it cannot be imagined, from the ſtate of human nature, that they ſhould entirely get rid of her frailties, however wiſely they might have reſigned themſelves to their preſent ſituations.

The evening being by this time advancing rather beyond the hour of the elderly

elderly part of the company's uſual mode of ſitting over their cups—ſome of them drawing off, and the remainder falling into that unintereſting tabletalk which was not worthy our *hero*'s notice, he retired with *Mr. Napkin* to his lodgings, after having promiſed the principals of the company to join them the next night, to which his curioſity to hear more of their converſation very powerfully urged him, notwithſtanding he had received very little pleaſure, and a great deal of pain, from their paſt hiſtories and obſervations.

CHAP. XIV.

A SECOND EVENING CLUB—NUMEROUS CHARACTERS EXHIBITED—PHILO's ASTONISHMENT.

PHILO ſpent the whole of the next day in the amuſement of reading, and in ſome very ſerious contemplations concerning his paſt adventures and his future proſpects. He had hitherto been diſappointed, checked, and thwarted, in his original and fond hopes of thoſe delights which he had flattered himſelf he ſhould meet with in ſociety; he felt no inclination to ramble through the ſtreets of the town a ſecond time; he figured to himſelf the ſad effect it would have upon him, if he ſhould meet again with the ſame boiſterous and unmannerly reception he had experienced the preceding

preceding morning, and came to the reſolution of quitting this ſcene of trouble and impertinence the very next day.—He looked over the letters of recommendation which he had received from the jovial *ſquire*, and found one to a *wine-merchant*, in a large and populous town, about thirty miles from his preſent ſituation; and as he had been told by the *draper*, that he would meet with in that place every variety of diverſion, and gaiety, and livelineſs of manners, which his heart could wiſh, and altogether free from the careful and poverty-ſtricken ways of the people he had been engaged with, he found himſelf, by the time of the evening he was to meet the old gentlemen again, to be quite reanimated in his ardour for the proſecution of his *ramble*, and went with *Mr. Napkin* to the club of the veterans, in the fine ſpirits of a younker juſt let looſe upon the world, in which he vainly fancies he ſhall cut an amazing

figure, and carry all before him like a torrent.

He ſupped with the *draper* at his lodgings this night, ſo that by the time he, and his companion, joined the veterans, he found them involved in the fumes of tobacco, and profound argumentation.

It ſeems that the converſation and characters which had been produced the laſt evening, had drawn the company a ſecond time, which is very frequently the caſe, into a reſumption of the ſame ſubjects; and a ſmart, lively little man, paſt the meridian of his days, was very jocoſe upon his companions in affliction, who had been, the preceding evening, ſo ſarcaſtic upon people, he ſaid, "becauſe they had been more provident, and had taken better care of themſelves and their affairs in their youth than he and his neighbours had done; and from

theſe

theſe cauſes they were now rich and reſpectable, while he, himſelf, and his poor fellow ſufferers, might rail themſelves out of breath to no other purpoſe, but to plague their own hearts, and to be utterly unheard and unregarded by the objects of their cenſure.—For his part," he ſaid, "he could not ſee any difference, in the *real* happineſs of this life between the *labourer* and the *lord*, the *needy man*, and the *man of fortune*, the *man in obſcurity*, and the *man in the glare of popularity*. He thought," he ſaid, "that happineſs and miſery was equally diſtributed among all degrees of mankind; or that happineſs, take it in every point of view, rather preponderated in favour of the undiſtinguiſhed and laborious part of the human ſpecies. He declared, with ſprightlineſs in his eyes, that he was entirely contented with his own confined circumſtances, and that, notwithſtanding he

he had neither gold nor goods to give away, he would preſent what was much better than a partial relief in either—the following moſt valuable and everlaſting treat to the poor.

"The poor man, while he looks with an envious eye upon the rich, while his heart burns with indignation at their proſperity, while their abundance, and elevated ſtyle of life, ſicken and depreſs his ſpirits, while the boundleſs ſway which their opulence ſeems to eſtabliſh in the world, ſinks him among the dregs of mankind, while they are purſued by troops of gazers, he is unnoticed and unknown, while they are courted and careſſed, he is avoided and deſpiſed, little conſiders, alas! how vain and tranſitory are human diſtinctions, how trivial the advantages of exterior ſhow, and to what an oppreſſive load of vexation and diſcontent the

the very poſſeſſion of riches reduces almoſt the whole race of the opulent to labour under!—

"Real wants are ſo *few*, and imaginary ones ſo *many*, that the poor, whoſe views reach no farther than to provide for the neceſſary accommodations of life, are in an envied ſituation when compared to the rich, who never contemplate the bleſſings they enjoy, in common with their fellow creatures, but are ever at the ſtrenuous and perplexing point of obtaining ſome viſionary ſcheme of happineſs out of the ſphere allotted for human felicity.

"The boundleſs and inexhauſtible fund of excitements and ſolicitudes which the poſſeſſion of wealth creates in the mind of man, totally takes away the conſideration of his real wants, and his ideas ruſh into the regions of enjoyments, as unſubſtantial as the dreams of

of a diſordered imagination, and as ridiculous as the utopian ſchemes of a fooliſh polition.

"*Melanthus*, not contented with a good houſe, good gardens, rich paſtures, a plentiful table, a few honeſt friends, and an hoſpitable way of life, muſt needs demoliſh the old manſion, knock down the old walls, deſtroy the old ſtables, cut down the old avenues, and put himſelf entirely under the direction of a *modern* modulator and improver of gentlemen's ſeats, parks, and pleaſure grounds. Twenty, thirty, or forty thouſand pounds are expended; the new ſcene riſes to view; the old oaks, barns, ſtables, and other offices diſappear; all is open and expanded; quaint clumps of firs are here and there ſcattered about; the old round pool is made a pretended river, and its tail, while it dwindles, like the curvings of a wounded ſnake among the buſhes at the top, its broad ſtaring

dam

dam at the bottom expoſes the monſtrous deception.

Well, every thing like the former appearance of the habitation and its environs is vaniſhed, and *Melanthus* believes he has acquired great fame and wonderful delights in the alteration. He ſurveys every new ſcene with much ſatisfaction, and flatters himſelf exceedingly in the idea that his time and his money have not been waſted, but that his improvements will meet with general approbation and applauſe.—He walks with an air of great confidence; he ſurveys the coming *pleaſure parties* that are advancing to view his works, with a conſcious ſmile of ſelf-complacency, and returns their ſalutes, as they paſs him, with a thorough conviction that he is the object of admiration, and that his improvements ſuffocate them with rapture and aſtoniſhment.

"Is that him?" ſays one, "is that *Melanthus* who has laid out ſo much money in the alterations here?" ſays another, "ay, ay, that's him," ſays a third, "O! what a fine thing is it when a man has fooled away half his fortune in ſuch ſilly alterations as the preſent, to have a huddling croud of monkeys whiſpering, as they paſs him—Is that him?—Is that *Melanthus*?"

"To be *himm'd* in this way, is very much like being *humm'd**," ſays a fourth, "and I dare ſay his builder has made a good hand of him, but as for improvements I ſee none at all worth noticing."

"Nay, for my part," exclaims a fifth, "I think the alterations much for the worſe—for, if you remember, the old houſe looked warm and comfortable, and as though there were ſome

* A cant phraze for being *chauſed*.

good

good doings in it, while this ſeems as if it was meant only to be looked at, and not to be made any uſe of at all.—Pray where are the offices?—there ſeems to be no place for the getting of a good dinner, that uſed to look ſo inviting, and promiſe a hearty welcome—no ſubſtantial ſtabling in view, where one might be certain our horſes would be well fed and taken care of—no appearance of a fine open yard, where the bold chanticleer, with his dame partlet, and his numerous family, uſed to ſtrut, and chuckle, and frolick, to the great improvement of domeſtic felicity—no dovecot, nor any appearance of the gay fantaſtic flights of pigeons, that uſed to wing round the buildings, and ſettle in cluſters upon the different out-houſes, to the great delight and pleaſure of the ſpectators—where are the rooks and daws, and the tribe of ſprightly warblers that morning, noon,

noon, and night, ſurrounded the old manſion, and made it, with the reſt of the family of domeſtic fowls, a colony of the moſt raviſhing order of beings, and entirely neceſſary to the happineſs of a country life?—Alas! theſe charming friends to ſolitude—theſe gay ſupporters of the languid hours of retirement, are fled, and, in their ſtead, what do we ſee here but a new fangled *thing*, built up for no other purpoſe but to look *pretty?* and when you have looked at it for an hour together, you cannot make it really, and bona fide, compenſate for the loſs of the old conveniencies, which are now removed out of ſight, as if it were a ſhame to contemplate their uſes; or that convenient kitchens, excellent ſtables, fine horſes, charming fowls, all in the moſt elegant and cleanly order imaginable, were to be put under ground as a congregation of *infernals*.

" A houſe,

"A houſe, I ſay," continues this loquacious obſerver, "without its accompaniments of offices, all in full view, and with the whole playful family of the domeſtic animals, and the feathered tribes, ſurrounding it, is a painted deſert—a gaudy ſtructure, without meaning, a melancholy piece of foppery, with no allurements—it is not a manſion—it is not an habitation, denoting a long train of anceſtry, but a *box* built by a wealthy citizen, to catch the eye of the gaping paſſenger, who wonders who the plague it belongs to!

"The paradiſe, conſiſting of the uſual fine and convenient receſſes about the old manſion, is ſwept away—no ſhelter to be had within the compaſs of a mile, to ſaunter in at leiſure, and to ſcreen one's ſelf from the ſummer's heat—no cooling grots, with their inviting ſhades—no little murmuring rills, courted from the moſt trifling ſprings,

to

to excite and ſooth contemplation. The woods, which uſed to afford all theſe charming retreats, and the melody of the heavenly choriſters, about the old manſion, are cut down, and thoſe which remain at a diſtance, ſtand only as objects, like the preſent houſe, to pleaſe the eye, but not to gratify the imagination.

"The garden of eſculents is hid in ſome diſtant hole, as if it were ſinful to loiter and examine the growth of the various plants and their different qualities and perfections; while all, for the diſtance of a mile, every way from this fine ſtructure, is entirely open; the eye perceives every thing at once, and reſts upon nothing; the heart is not at all engaged by novelty; the imagination, ſtruck at firſt, ſickens and dies after a moments pauſe; and in five minutes peruſal of this gaudy appearance, you find nothing farther to intereſt the paſſions,

paſſions, or to pleaſe the fancy, and you retire from it, as from a ſingle *look-out*, which is no ſooner *ſeen* than it *ſatiates*.

" Our prolix adventurer being, at length, out of breath with his vehement ſatire upon the alterations of *Melanthus*, and the *modern* mode of fixing a fine houſe upon a lawn, and baniſhing out of view the offices and gardens, is violently followed by his audience, who (like the public, excited by a new thing) throw in their clamour of blame and diſſatisfaction, and retire with ſhaking heads, and ſhrewd remarks, all tending to convince each other that a vaſt deal of money has been laid out to anſwer not the remoteſt idea of a purpoſe that the keeneſt ſcrutator upon earth can poſſibly deviſe, but that the old manſion was more noble and grand, and afforded all the pleaſures and conveniencies of life, while the

preſent building, without being at all equal in its majeſtic appearance, is deprived of every ſatisfactory appendage to render it truly reſpectable."

"What then have the poor to repine at," continued the little man, "when the rich expend their thouſands to ſuch vain purpoſes as *Melanthus?* who, without any internal or laſting comforts to himſelf, reſpecting his alterations, will behold the new ſcenery, when the novelty of it has ſubſided, with the ſame indifference and contempt he did the old, and perceive, in concluſion, the general cenſure which has attended his works.

"He will find, at laſt, that there is a SOMETHING, which in the hurry and confuſion of his plans and purſuits, he had never once thought of, that conſtitutes the real and ſubſtantial felicity of the human race.

"He

"He will feel himſelf, after all his labours, as far from the regions of earthly bliſs, as he was when he made the attempt to take them by ſtorm, and he will wander on the outſide of paradiſe, hopeleſs, forlorn, and diſappointed, until he conſoles himſelf, for theſe vanities, with this concluſion ONLY—that the thouſands which he has expended in the fruitleſs expectation of gaining univerſal applauſe from the *modernized* improvements of his palace, have anſwered no other end in the world, but the SERVICES they have rendered the community, in the employment of innumerable *artificers* and *labourers* for the ſupport of themſelves and families."

"And that is enough," ſaid *Philo* eagerly, "to countenance the moſt prepoſterous manner of a gentleman's laying out his money; and whoever does ſo, if it be in the moſt uſeleſs

mode imaginable, ſo it gives employment to the *labourer*, deſerves the univerſal approbation of the public, however reprehenſible he may be for his want of *taſte* in his operations."

"I admire you, ſir," ſaid the little man to *Philo*, "for the warmth with which you expreſs yourſelf in favour of actions, however abſurd, that have a tendency to the public welfare, but I am afraid you will have the mortification to find in your future progreſs in the world, that few, very few men of fortune indeed, make uſe of their wealth merely for the purpoſe of doing good to their fellow creatures; and that *Melanthus*, notwithſtanding the only reſource of comfort which is now left him, under the general cenſure that has attended his alterations, will find it a difficult taſk to reconcile all his feelings upon the occaſion, to the good *only* which he has been doing to *artificers*

and *labourers*, ſince he has been diſappointed in the main ſpring that ſet his works a going, viz. the gratification of his preſumed ſuperiority of diſcernment, and the adjuncts that accompany an attempt for a refinement in *taſte*, *judgment*, and *abilities*."

"Holla! my Mannikin," iſſued a thundering voice from an huge old gentleman who ſat at ſome diſtance from the part of the room where this converſation had been produced, "pray did you not ſet out with correcting your neighbours *(like the devil correcting ſin)* for their ſeverity upon the rich, and don't you now fall foul upon men of fortune yourſelf?—But, ſir, don't you know that it was the faſhion formerly to make pleaſure grounds as we now do ſtreets, that is to ſay, in diſtinct and formal rows of trees and plantations, and that the line and rule was the only level of every production in gardens,

parks, and ſhrubberies, until *Pope*, in poliſhed verſification, ridiculed the preposterous formalities that manifeſted themſelves in the gentlemen's ſeats of his time? Don't you know that in *Pope*'s days the ſyſtem of regularity, in theſe things, was carried to exceſs, and juſtly reprobated by him, and that the prevailing faſhion which led the people of fortune, then, into the extremity of abſurdity, with reſpect to their *brother* alleys, *brother* clumps, and *brother* every thing, manifeſts itſelf, at this day, by what is called the *ton*, in the *rage* of the preſent generation, for aboliſhing, in the ſame extremity of abſurdity, every thing which has the leaſt appearance of proportion?

"The fact is, my dear little man," continued old *Fat-ſides*, "that there is a faſhion, or a mode, or a *ton*, or a *rage*, of the times, that carries all away before it, reſpecting gardening, and every

every other matter of much greater importance, that decides the propriety or impropriety of the whole affairs and purſuits of life, in the opinion of the *great*, and *little*, vulgar; ſo that, you ſee, one ſimpleton follows another, another follows the next, and the leader of this gooſelike train, who leads, as it were, the world by the noſe, is, no doubt, the firſt *gooſe*, only, of his flock. —For, with reſpect to gardening, of which you have been ſpeaking, excepting, in our times, the works of a *Lyttelton* in his *Hagley*, a *Shenſtone* in his *Leaſowes*, and ſome more of real taſte, we ſee nothing, any where elſe, but exact copies of each other; undiſtinguiſhed by the ſmalleſt tokens of a maſter in the arrangement of parks and pleaſure grounds, according to the genius of each ſituation, and diſtinguiſhed by the dictates of NATURE; who, although ſhe moſtly delights in a diſhabille, or a thick covering, as we ſee her in the

rude and *uncultivated* parts of the creation, yet ſhe will be pleaſed with a light dreſs, as we behold her in an *Hagley*, or in the *Leaſowes*, but ſhe is terrified, and flies from you, like a modeſt young woman as ſhe is, when ſhe is *ſtripped naked*, as in the park of *Melanthus*, and a great many of the other pleaſure grounds which prevail in theſe days, and from which that gentleman ſeems, by my little man's deſcription of his alterations, to have taken the example."

"By the bye," continued this obſerver, "*Hagley houſe* is deprived of the pleaſing contemplation of the *offices*, which are thrown out of ſight, according to the fickly and quaint manners of the preſent times."

Before any reply, or any farther obſervations upon the preceding ſubjects could be made, they were totally ſet aſide

aſide by the abrupt change which governs converſation, in the attempts of a young *poet*, to offer the peruſal of his lines to a gentleman in a corner of the room, who ſeemed to take no notice of any thing but his pipe, but who attended to the *poet* from the motive of diſſuading him from his enterprize; as he perceived, by a very ſuperficial glance at the performance, that the youth had miſtaken his talents.

Exactly at the cloſe of the laſt ſpeaker's obſervations concerning the prevalency of *faſhion* in all the affairs of this life, as well as in the buſineſs of gardening, and pleaſure grounds, a full ſtop was put to every other attention but that which was drawn to the *poet*, and the following advice to him from the perſon to whom he had diſcovered his works.

"I have been in my youth an amazing *rhymer*," ſaid this gentleman to the *poet*—"I had read *Pope*'s tranſlation of

Homer—I had got the gingle of verſes in my head—I had got the thunderer *Jove* ringing in my ears, with *Mars*, and all the gods and goddeſſes to boot—but without one ſymptom of judgment, or the leaſt knowledge of what I was about, I flounced, and plunged, and ſweat myſelf with *couplets*, until neither myſelf, nor my readers, knew what the plague I meant to be at.—Beware *couplets*"—ſaid the gentleman to the *poet*—" they are dangerous things to meddle with—I have been ſick to death of them—and, next to the diſgrace of a *prince* committing *petty larceny*, I have taken ſhame to myſelf for my manifold miſdoings as a *miſerable* maker of verſes."

The whole room was clamorous in its applauſe, at this truly generous mode, which the gentleman had taken to ſtifle the futile efforts of a youth, who was known by every body, except *Philo*, to be in an excellent way to make

his

his fortune, were it not for the curſed itch that poſſeſſed him of *poetizing*; and they admired the man, who could, at the expence of expoſing his own former fooleries, as a *rhymeſter*, obliquely condemn the youth's performance, and to produce ſuch ſtrong motives to him to lay aſide his *couplets*, without hurting his feelings by a formal criticiſm upon the demerits of his piece.

The poor, diſconcerted, modeſt young man, ſmiled, while others laughed, bluſhed, and put up his papers, and ſeemed to feel the above check in ſuch a manner, that, without being offended at his adviſer, he poſſibly might (if ever any man did ſo, that had been bitten by the *rage* of verſifying) make a friend of him, and liſten to all his admonitions; ſo well are thoſe things taken, in the way of cenſure, by the *well* diſpoſed (excepting *perhaps* in the preſent caſe) when the ſatiriſt acknowledges that he has been as much in the wrong

as the perſon he blames, and only begs of that perſon to avoid the rock upon which he himſelf has been wrecked.

This circumſtance of the *poet* and his affairs being exhauſted, and a ſilence, or a look-out for freſh matter taking place, a very furious young man began to talk politics, and to ſwagger immoderately againſt the whole affairs of the nation. He ſwore, that if he were king of this country, he would ſee his ſubjects at the devil, but he would keep them in order, and make them know what it was to ſet him and the laws of the conſtitution at defiance, as they had done in the moſt ſhameful way imaginable*. He would, he ſaid, by one main puſh, put an end to the factions that were the diſgrace of this country, and rendered her contemptible in the eyes of all Europe, and a dupe

* Alluding to the diſputes in England on the revolt of America.

to

to the machinations of her enemies. He began to point out, in dreadful diſplay, the violent manner in which he would deal with the internal aſſaſſins that ript up the bowels of the ſtate; and was for lopping off the heads of the whole tribe of *innovaters* as faſt as a *butcher* kills *calves*.—He was going on, at a terrible rate, until he was ſtopped in his career by the gentleman who had given the preceding advice to the young *poet*.

"I have been a *furious politician* myſelf," ſaid the gentleman to this *blood-thirſty* whelp, "and have *warmly* embraced the ſide of government againſt all oppoſition. I believed the meaſures of government to be right, *then*, and do not, *now*, relinquiſh, altogether, that opinion.—But ſound politics is a knotty point to diſcuſs, or to be maſter of, and it beſt ſuits my inclinations at preſent, to be quiet reſpecting the perplexed

plexed ſcenes of national diſputes—for few, very few, I believe, placed at the head of the affairs of ſtate, have been indebted to their own ſagacity for the ſucceſs of their plans; and where one advantage has been gained by their addreſs, an hundred were the effects of chance and good fortune.—Beware, young man, of *politics*, you may do a great deal of harm to yourſelf in meddling with *ſtate affairs*, but never any good to your country.—You appear to me to poſſeſs a good underſtanding, and, excepting the violence of your ſpirit, the beſt intentions in the world. But you are young—have ſeen but little of mankind—and, of courſe, are incompetent to judge of theſe high matters.—Let the moral duties be your ſtudy, and you will be an inſtrument in ſoftening the rage of party, which is never to be mitigated by invectives, or a boiſterous attempt to control the paſſions of others—above all, keep within

within the bounds of peace and good neighbourhood amongſt all denominations of men, until it ſhould ſo happen, which pray heaven avert!—that a palpable and ſhameleſs attempt ſhould be made, actually to deſtroy the conſtitution.—Should this ever come to paſs, in a real and determinate effort of bad men, to ſtrike at the root of the mild government under which I enjoy every bleſſing, I poſitively declare, I would, old as I am getting, join the party for the king and the ſtate, againſt the rudeſt ſhocks of the moſt deſperate banditti of *innovators*.—Should this ever be the caſe, I would excite you, and all ſuch bold young men, to deeds of arms!—I would," ſaid he, for he was growing as furious as the boy he had been correcting for the ſame thing, "encourage you, by my example, to ſuffer death, with the addition of racks and torments, before we would relinquiſh the glorious theme!—I would," exclaimed this orator,

orator, ſtarting up, and clinching his pipe, which he had been ſmoking, and which was but a frail ſcepter to wield upon ſuch a dreadful occaſion, "ſtrike horror and confuſion into the very heart of all oppoſition to the original laws of the land.—I would," ſaid he, "do I know not what,"—-and, moſt likely, they might have been very great things he deſigned to do—but the laſt ſtroke at the oppoſition to the laws of the land having been attended with the deſtruction of his pipe and its contents, all his ſanguine intentions of blood and maſſacre to ſave the nation, gave way to the immediate and more neceſſary recovery of his tobacco.—This effort proving labour in vain, he gave up, for the loſs of half a pipe-full of that weed, the imaginary loſs of the whole kingdom, and ſuffered the ſmall conſideration of his preſent misfortune to vanquiſh entirely from his breaſt, that noble phrenſy which had ſeized upon his

his ſpirits in the cauſe of his king and country.

"It's fine talking," ſaid an agreeable looking veteran, after the company had indulged themſelves in a laugh at the melancholy turn which the loſs of his tobacco had taken in the glorious flights of the laſt ſpeaker, "to ſay what we ſhall any of us do when we are put to the teſt, ſince my good friend's diſaſter ſits ſo heavy upon his heart, in the very height of his dreams, only, of actual enterprizes, wherein, not only half a pipe of tobacco, but his whole property, and his life into the bargain, would be ſtaked.—Who does not ſee, *after a good dinner*, the buſkined heroes fight ſham battles upon the ſtage, but at *that time* fancies himſelf a god, and would take Mars by the beard?—But ſhould this bold-thoughted adventurer be brought into the field of action, upon an *empty ſtomach*, and with none of the

"ſweet

"ſweet appliances" of the Theatre to charm his ſpirits, and he was to experience the real hardſhips which look ſo delightful in the repreſentation, he would find a terrible alteration in his feelings.—He muſt then be bleſſed with a fine magnanimity of ſoul to do his duty with vigour and without flinching; and have no other conſiderations preſs upon his mind, but the exquiſite principles of ſupporting his own honour, in the fulfilling of his engagements to ſociety and to his own character, againſt the jaws of death and deſtruction, in their moſt grim and terrific aſpects, and with famine, ſword, and peſtilence, attending upon all his ſteps."

More might have been ſaid upon this ſubject, had it not been ſuperſeded by a ſevere fit of coughing which ſeized an eminent character, very much beloved by the company for his many virtues, but who, notwithſtanding them all, ſeemed

ſeemed deſtined ſoon to relinquiſh the whole of his concerns in this world, and to be going very faſt in the way of all fleſh.—During the violence of the attack, the people flocked about him in ſuch a manner, and expreſſed their apprehenſions of his immediate diſſolution in ſuch a dolorous way, that upon the gentleman's recovery from the danger which they had declared he was in, he deſired, for God's ſake, they would not put a man to death before his time—that it was the worſt thing a friend could do to tell a man he was dying, when, perhaps, he might live many years to come—but whether that may be the caſe or not with reſpect to myſelf," ſaid he, "pray, gentlemen, give me ſome air and a little quarter before I am obliged to leave you, and do not aſſiſt my complaint with your aid in this miſerable mode of packing me off, upon every occaſion, without the leaſt

leaſt ceremony, into the manſions of eternity."

The company declared that nothing was farther from their wiſh than his death, but ſeeing him ſo ill, they could not help expreſſing their fears and apprehenſions for the great loſs they ſhould ſuſtain by his quitting, as he ſeemed to them to be immediately going to do, this mortal peregrination of caſualties.

"Ay, ay," ſaid the gentleman, "the comforts of our friends under the calamities of diſtemper, are, like the conſolations of bottle companions to one another in affliction, whimſical enough.--'Smoke his legs,' ſays an *intimate friend* and neighbour of the *dropſical man*, to his companions, 'he's going apace—he pits—he'll be off ſoon.—How's your *aſthma?*'—'O mortal bad,' anſwers the

the *dropſical man*, 'I can't reſt anights for it—but I'll try a little gin and water, and ſee what that will do.'—'You've left off brandy then, have you?' 'O yes, yes,' replies the *dropſical man* to his *friend*. 'Why, wont brandy ſave you?' exclaims his *friend*. 'Why, then its all over with you.—Your old acquaintance, *Ned Smokem*, went laſt week—he was a jolly fellow, but he's rotting now. —O! *Timothy Tremble*, my *dear friend*, how are you?—-you look mainly ill after your laſt fit—how are your nerves? —you muſt leave this drinking off—it won't do.'—'Why I have done it in a great meaſure,' ſays *Timothy Tremble*, 'but let me enjoy myſelf in my old way, in moderation, or I ſhall ſink into the earth at once.'—'Ay, ay, you'll not laſt long,' *ſays his friend*.

"This kind of treatment to the diſeaſed and infirm, which is generally the caſe among drinking companions, is very

very much of a piece with the conſolations of *real friends* to the ſickly; who, like *Job*'s *comforters*, inſtead of keeping up the flagging ſpirits of the afflicted by chearful converſation, and avoiding any obſervations that might tend to put them in mind of their infirmities, are ever, like ſevere juſtices of the peace, more ready to ſign the culprit's mittimus, than to hear any thing which he has to ſay in his defence, and while the juſtices ſend a man to *gaol* only, the comforters ſend him pellmell to the *devil*.

" I'd rather have a paralytic old woman for my companion, when I am indiſpoſed," continued the gentleman, " than ſuch fellows as theſe, and I beg of you, my very good friends, to leave me to deal as I may with that old officer *Death*, when it ſeems I muſt receive his laſt ſtroke, and let not any of his jogs and intimations, ſuch as I have juſt

now felt, put you in ſuch a dreadful panic upon my account, nor ſuffer you, in future, to ſecond his blow by your concluſions, in his behalf, that it is *all over with me.*"

There was a man who had lately entered the room, that had formerly poſſeſſed a conſiderable fortune, and had received a good education, but having ran through his means, it had rather crazed his underſtanding: he had always been, in his proſperity, of a flighty turn of mind, and now that he was ſunk in the world, he gave himſelf entirely up to it.—Theſe conſiderations, and the comic turn of his manners and ſayings, gained him admittance into moſt companies, but eſpecially among the veterans; when he kept himſelf within due bounds, which he ſeldom failed to do, and they would pay for the little ale he drank, or what elſe he might chuſe, for he was never troubleſome

ſome on that account.—He was called *Crazy Tom*, and the ſchoolboys had a rare companion of him, in his ludicrous freaks up and down the ſtreets, which he oftentimes exhibited to their wonderful joy and entertainment.—He was always liſtened to with great attention, when he was in the humour for an harangue, which he moſtly delighted in, and upon his hearing the laſt ſpeaker conclude his obſervations with an appeal to the ſettler of all differences in this world, DEATH, it happened to hit his fancy, and he deſcanted, with an amazing lofty tone of voice, upon that inexorable and frightful *deſtroyer* as follows.

"The hiſtory of life is nothing but a ſtory of death. One king ſucceeds another, and another the next, and they all die and rot like common men—ſtrange! while princes can ſo mightily draw within a vortex the adulation of untold

untold numbers of ſlaves and dependants, who wait upon their ſmiles, that the uncivil monſter, *Death*, will have no reſpect to perſons nor dignities, but will ſweep away, without the leaſt remorſe, or bluſh, or ſhame, or gentility, or politeneſs, in his manner or addreſs, the fearful kings and princes of the world from off the ſtage of human exiſtence!—Strange! that he ſhould put an end to a monarch with the ſame indifference he deſtroys a beggar—but he's a curſed impudent fellow, and cares not a pin whom he lays hold of—whether it be a prince or a pedler, it is the ſame thing to him—he liſtens to no pleas, excuſes, nor tales—he does the duty impoſed upon him, and there's an end of the matter."

"Well ſaid *Tom*," cried the company, who were gathering about him, "this is an excellent ſtroke which

thou haſt given us, come, take a pipe of tobacco and ſome ale, and let's have another."

Poor *Tom* drank ſome of the ale which was given him, took a pipe of tobacco, and, like an oracle in convulſions, he filled the room with large volumes of ſmoke, to the great annoyance of the ſick gentleman's cough, before he was delivered of the enſuing rhapſody.

"Amidſt all the vanities of this world, the pomps and parades of the proud, the impudence of the ſwaggerers, the deſigns of the deceivers, the parſimony of the miſers, the extravagance of the ſpendthrifts, the miſeries of the poor, and the neglects of the rich, a pike of tobacco," ſaid *Crazy Tom*, "is a wonderful comforter.—Its balmy fumes lull the keen ſenſe of wrongs and

and diſappointments utterly aſleep.—It acts as a muſe—it is the inſpirer of ſweet thoughts and comely reſignation.—Its powerful influence warms and ſtrengthens the imagination—it calls forth the ſkipping ideas that range, and fly, and bound o'er the confines of the earth, and penetrate the heavens themſelves—it operates upon the ſenſes like a fine dream, when the wretched man feels himſelf, with good reaſon, alas! as happy as a king. It is a *lethe*, down whoſe ſweet oblivious ſtream all the cares of life are loſt. It helps the poor ſlave to forget his ſtripes and toils, and the cruel treatment of an inexorable tyrant, and ſerves him both for food and raiment.—It is the balm of old age; it raiſes the flagging ſpirits, and draws forth the old tale, or lulls the remembrance of paſt times into a fine ſerenity.—It is the politician's never-failing friend, and opens to him at one

view the whole ſecrets of a court, and the ſad blunders of a miniſter of ſtate—it aſſiſts the orator in his harangues, and covers him with a benign ſhade when he is at a loſs for words or matter—it ſerves as a ſcreen for the ſilent man to hide himſelf behind, and to appear as wiſe as his neighbour—it helps the poet to ſqueeze from his brain the happy couplets, and the philoſopher to form ſtable ſyſtems among the clouds.—It enforces and upholds the whole fabrick of theological diſputation, and excites the laugh and the jeſt among the incurious ſons of reſignation and content—it made the great *Raleigh* a ſtateſman, and produced all the mighty miniſters of old—it gave wiſdom to their councils, and ſtrength to their fleets and armies, and eſtabliſhed their empire o'er the weſtern world—it was the bond and ſolace of ſociety, and baniſhed from the feſtive board the ſordid

ſordid paſſions—it ſtifled the *fop*, ſmothered the *gambler*, and overwhelmed the *villain*—it was the type of hoſpitality when roaſt beef, ſound morals, and good fellowſhip was the mode, and ceremony, and ſlight repaſts, were in no eſtimation at all."

Tom, at the cloſe of this ſpeech, appeared to be loſt in the moſt profound meditations, while the veterans thanked him for the wild compliment he had paid to that amuſement of a pipe of tobacco, which they ſeriouſly owned was to them, under their preſent inactivity of purſuits, a very great comforter indeed.—But *Tom* feeling himſelf now quite happy and inſpired by the wandering flights of his imagination, and the enlivening addition which ſome good ale and his pipe had given to his romantic turn of mind, exclaimed, without any apparent cauſe for the ſud-

den change of his ideas—" building caſtles in the air, I ſay, is the moſt lively and pleaſant amuſement in the world—a man inſpired in this way is always buſy, merry, and full of *hope*, that only cheerer of the heart, and keeper of the ſoul and body together.—Your dull fellows that deprive you at once of the pleaſing operations of *hope*, act the part of the *devil* in placing you among the *damned*.—They deprive you of heaven, and all the delightful ſcenes of futurity, which, however vainly you may ponder over, they ſerve the bleſſed purpoſe of making you happy for the preſent.—Joys to come are uncertain, but if, by contemplating upon the proſpect of pleaſures that may never happen, you enſure, among your preſent grievances, a momentary relief from the painful experience of woe, how charming then is the frail employment of building caſtles in the air!—For my part,"

part," continued *Crazy Tom*, "ſetting aſide the proſpect of future happineſs which the various religions at different epochas of the world, and in the different parts of it, as well as that which is now eſtabliſhed in our little ſpeck upon the globe, have ſet forth, I can amuſe myſelf with the pleaſing dreams of *hope* for hours and days together, and forget all my actual pains in the flattering expectation that I ſhall migrate through the planets of our ſyſtem until I am ſo refined, and ſo nearly allied to pure ſpirit, that I ſhall at length become a bliſsful inhabitant of the SUN, that celeſtial ball of fire which enlightens, adorns, and vivifies his ſubordinate orbs.—I can fancy to myſelf, that when I am ſo purified, and drawn ſo fine and threadbare, that the intenſe heat of the glorious and ſplendid *Phœbus* ſhall afford me perfect bliſs, that I ſhall then be let into the *light*, with others of my

fellow ſpirits, of reviewing, with the *brighteſt eyes*, all my paſt ſojournings in all the planets under the dominion of the SUN.—I ſhall ſee then how I had been frozen to death in *Saturn*, how I had eſcaped from thence and was knocked about with thunderbolts in *Jupiter*, how I had no peace or comfort at all in *Mars*, and was worſe ſerved, as you may perceive, gentlemen, upon the *earth*—how I experienced nothing but qualms and the green ſickneſs in *Venus*, and was whirled about like a top in *Mercury*, until he flung me with one violent effort up to the very height of perfection amidſt the all-perfect realms of the radient SUN.—I ſhall ſee then that all my paſt pilgrimages among the planets were but as trials or preparations for my ultimate abode in this ſcene of refulgence; and ſhall liſten to the muſic of the ſpheres with infinite delight, which, when I was

amongſt

amongſt them, I was of too groſs a habit, and contexture of frame, to hear.—I ſhall then take a trip upon a *ſunbeam*, with others of my brother celeſtials, among the myriads of other ſuns that adorn the *milky way*, and ſee how their different planetary ſyſtems are governed; and that I may come the nearer to them, in my ſpeculations, I ſhall get upon the *tail* of a *comet*, and paſs through them with wonderful velocity and ſatisfaction.—I ſhall ſee the whole proceſs of the great *firſt cauſe* that has ſet this aſtoniſhing machinery in motion; not only of our partial ſyſtem, but the entire government of his amazing works throughout the regions of infinite ſpace.—I ſhall be minutely acquainted with the real ſtate and management of thoſe ever-burning *ſuns*, reflecting *planets* and their *ſatellites* that glorify, and fill the ſame.—I ſhall join with the celeſtials in ſongs of tri-

umph and praiſe to the Godhead, while the harmony of the perpetual whirling of the ſpheres round their *ſuns* ſhall fill the rapturous chorus in ſounds of joy too powerful to be ſuſtained but by the purified inhabitants of thoſe bright and blazing *orbs*, that keep their planets in their ſtations, and preſerve the regular velocity of their motions."

Poor *Tom*'s wild and crazy proſpects of future happineſs were now interrupted by the melancholy circumſtance of the low ſtate of his cup and his pipe, and before theſe great helps to the workings of his fancy could be readminiſtered, he loſt the train of his ideas upon the preceding ſubject, and fell into a muſing fit again, to the great diſappointment of his audience, who could not help being pleaſed with the harmleſs foolery of his flights.

While

While *Tom* was puffing away at a great rate a freſh pipe-full of tobacco that was filled for him, and indulging himſelf in ſilence with a multitude of vague thoughts that preſſed upon his imagination, the company, who had retired to another part of the room, were cuſſing over his paſt life, and the cauſes which had brought him into the preſent ſtage of his calamity.—They unanimouſly agreed, excepting one diſſenting voice from the only rich man in the room, that ſome meaſures ſhould be adapted to have him taken care of, and that a ſmall ſtipulated ſum per week from the well-diſpoſed ſhould be allowed him for his maintenance, and that he ſhould not go wild about the town, ſeeking for a caſual ſupport at the public houſes, to the detriment of his health, and the ſubverſion of a mind that was already too much wracked by his unſteady wanderings.

They

They urged the rich man to open a ſubſcription for him, and allow ſomething handſome himſelf, as he poſſeſſed great wealth, and had no wife nor relations to provide for.—They ſaid, in order to ſtimulate him, that there were many other gentry in the town, who, although they were not bleſſed with ſuch abundance as he was, yet they might, *perhaps*, follow his example.

The picture of this man was the moſt unpromiſing appearance in the world for the attacks of the generous principles to have any effect upon; his name was *Randle*, but ſeeming from his lank ſides and meagre aſpect to have lived upon draff and huſks all the days of his life, he generally went under the name of *Barebones*; while the filthy ruglike manner of his dreſs, diſcovering the deficiency of his fleſh, together with the protuberance of his joints,

joints, warranted the appellation to a tittle.

The company might as eaſily have moved a bigot to relinquiſh his faith, as to perſuade old *Barebones* to expend a ſhilling to ſave his neighbour from the flames of hell.—He did nothing but growl at their ſolicitations in favour of poor *Tom*.—"I won't give a farthing," ſaid *Barebones*, "I have enough to do with my money—what do you talk to me for?—Let him work—he's able enough—or let him ſtarve---what is that to me?---Should ha' taken better care of himſelf when he had got ſomething to do it with, and not run about the ſtreets like a fool without a penny to bleſs himſelf---I tell you I won't give him a farthing, and I'll have him ſent to bridewell if he does not mend his manners and keep out of my way."

Poor

Poor *Tom*, who had been in a revery all this while, paid no attention to the converſation about him, until the laſt intimation of the miſer about giving nothing away rouſed him from his dream, and, miſtaking the point in queſtion, he exclaimed---" no, no, no, nobody aſks a man to dinner who *wants* one---how the people bluſter and look ſleek who are rich, while the poor man can hardly get out of their way without kicks---and looks ſo ſmall, ſo ſmall, ſo ſmall!----Ah! maſter *Randle*," cried *Tom*, turning about, " what are you there?---Now, I'll do," ſaid *Tom* to the company, " what he dares not do for his life."---What is that?" every body cried---" Why I'll ſpend," ſaid *Tom*, " the laſt penny I have got in the world!"---" The more fool you," ſaid *Barebones*.---" What will you give me," ſaid *Tom*, " for an epitaph to fix upon your tomb when you are dead that ſhall

laſt

laſt time immemorial?"---"Why I'll give thee," ſaid *Barebones*, "more very likely than it will be worth---I'll give thee a halter to hang thyſelf.---"Was you ever ſo generous before?" ſaid *Tom*, "no, I am ſure you never was---and for this extraordinary mark of your munificence, you deſerve a good one, and here it is."

EPITAPH.

"Here rot the bare bones of old *Randle*,
"In hell, if you go there, you'll find him;
"He went like the ſnuff of a candle,
"And left a vile rank ſmell behind him."

The miſer was ſo enraged at the above epitaph for his *munificence*, that he ſwore vengeance againſt the author of it, and left the room with curſes in his mouth, which were retorted upon him by a general hiſs that accompanied his exit.

"Hark

"Hark to Touſer!" cried *Crazy Tom*, "wind him! wind him! the ſcent runs high!"---Then falling into a melancholy fit, and finiſhing his ale, he ſuddenly aroſe with an intention to go away; but being ſtopped by ſome of the company who wanted to enjoy themſelves at the expence of his over-heated pranks, poor fellow, he exclaimed—

"Pray gently touch the trembling lyre,
"And don't inflame a raging fire;
"What though my brain is wond'rous wild,
"My heart's as harmleſs as a child;
"Then let me take my laſt beſt flight,
"And wiſh you all a long good night."

"Why that's wiſhing us all dead," cried the company."---"No, no, no," exclaimed *Tom*, vehemently---"I ſhall die myſelf---and that will fulfil my wiſhes, and touch no one here---for I am aſhamed of this world, ſince the Lord ſuffers ſuch a niggardly, good-for-nothing,

nothing, ſtinking, naſty fellow to live in it, as old *Barebones*!---Good night," cried *Tom*, while he retired to the parlour door, and, ſhutting it after him, he was heard to ſay, "I am gone for ever!"

Whether *Tom*'s melancholy fit had made him careleſs or deſperate in his flight from the company towards his crib, it cannot be aſcertained, but he either threw himſelf off a foot bridge in his way, or accidentally tumbled from it, into a deep part of a ſmall river that ſkirted the town, and was drowned before any aſſiſtance could be given him.

By the time the gentlemen had adjuſted their different reckonings, and were cordially taking leave of each other for one night only, the melancholy news was brought to them that poor *Crazy Tom* was "gone for ever!"

At

At this intelligence the company were inſtantaneouſly transfixed, as though they had been ſtruck into ſilence and diſmay by an unexpectd and a dreadful clap of thunder---but as ſuch inſtances of ſurprize are momentary, when no damage or danger to the parties ſo ſhocked enſues, pity and compaſſion for the object of their admiration took immediate place of their aſtoniſhment, and from a quick turn of their fellow feelings upon this ſad occaſion, they exclaimed in a uniſon of ſound and ſenſibility——"Alas poor *Tom!*"

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.